THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 2. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MARTIN'S KINGDOM.

Miss Banim Continues her Picturesque Sketches of Connemara, "and the Sky Over It."

The Superb Patrimony Thrown Away in "High Living" by the Martins of Ballinahinch.

Manners of English Travelers.

FROM RECESS TO CLIFDEN.

The pleasant resting place, Recess, four teen miles from Clifden, is reached by the Galway morning car at about 8 o'clock in the afternoon, when time is allowed for viewing some of the scenes around Lake Garromin and enjoying the comfortable luncheon always ready at the hotel. Then the travelers set out again for Clifden rested and refreshed—not that this journey is by any means a tiresome one. On the contrary, there is so much beauty, so much variety in every mile of the road, such clearness in the air and freshness in the coloring, that the eye is never tired and hours pass like minutes. Then the roads are broad, smooth, and level as asphalte and the motion of the car is easy, so that there is no weary jolting to tire out the body. These fine roads were made under the direction of the board of works to give employment to the people in the bad times of '48; they are splendidly made, and, moreover, have been easily, and at small cost, kept in good repair, for there is little or no traffic to injure them.

The peasantry—what is left of them—live chiefly in among the mountains, in whose rugged defiles and passes cars would be quite useless, so that donkeys or rough ponies, with panniers slung across a good truss of hay, are in general use for going to market. These go along at a quiet walk, out of which their drivers rarely seem to urge them, and all through the West I have not seen any animals that had the appearance of ill usage. Every family seems to keep a dog, a small species of colley, very pretty and good tempered animals—a sign, one would say, that they are accustomed to kind treatment at home. The dogs trot along the roads or through the fields with the children, or jog on beside the pony, on which rides a man with his wife behind him, the wife sitting sideways, often on the bare back of the pony, without saddle of any kind.

We are now full into the Irish Highlands, with their ever changing views of

MOUNTAIN, LAKE, AND PLAIN,

and, although skirting to the right along the very base of the mountains, nowhere is the view narrow or cramped. The country is not, as in the county Wicklow, upland and broken into innumerable gentle hills and vales, but lies low and level between the heights which, unlike many loftier elevations, do not slope gradually from the base, but rise sheer up from the plain, showing at once their full height and sharp outline; every shoulder and peak is cut out, as it were, in the clear atmosphere, leaving sunshine and light in among the passes and defiles, which are numberless in extent and variety, leading in and out, up and down, through the "Twelve Pins," the most picturesque group in Ireland. Then the broad stretches of moor—a mixture of dark greens, emerald greens, browns, golden mosses, light ferns, and purple heather—alternate with the lakes and rivers which cut up the entire surface of Connemara into a perfect lacework of an inconceivably intricate pattern; the land is intersected with innumerable sheets of water, which, in their turn, are dotted all over with myriads of little islands, while the entire coast is literally fringed with bays and inlets, that give the country its picturesque name of Connemara, or "heads (headlands) of the sea."

Not very far from Lake Garromin the road crosses a bridge which separates Derry Clare lake from Ballinahinch lake, where we are in the inner circle of the great domain of the once powerful Martins of Ballinahinch, who certainly fixed their castle in the midst of as romantic surroundings as mortal could wish for. A broad, smooth, expanse of water, narrowing to the southwest to a river which flows away through a valley winding among the western hills of Galway, until it empties its waters into Bertraghboy Bay, where it joins the broad Atlantic. The shores of the lake to the north and west are sloping and thickly wooded, the remains of a castle and its outbuildings rising amidst the trees; all round the shore little headlands—whose trees dip their branches into the lake—jut out into the waters, making tiny bays and giving endless variety to the forms both of land and water. On the northeastern bank, and mirrowed down deep into the calm lake, Ben Lettery, rises majestic from the very shore, its sharp peak seeming, from the steepness of its sides to soar many hundreds of feet higher than it actually does. Behind, peak after peak of the range appear, as if vieing with each other in showing their beauties, until the farthest melt into the soft violet of distance. In the centre of the lake, and rising straight out of the water, is a small ruined castle, rising so abruptly that its own shadow in the water looks like the foundation on which it is built. The entire picture, seen glowing in the golden autumn sunlight, is one to fix itself indelibly on the memory.

"That," said the old gentleman who knew the road so well, 'was the seat of the Martins. They were one of the earliest of the 'tribes of Galway,' and are mentioned in the thirteenth century in the 'Annals of the Four Masters.' They must have possessed themselves of a great deal of the O'Flahertys' land at the early period, as they were for generations owners of a large tract of country about here, thoroughly Irish in most of their ways and manners, keeping up such boundless hospitality—open doors for all comers except creditors—that their vast estates gradually became hopelessly involved, and were sold by the last Martin of Ballinahinch—Colonel Martin—in the bad times of '48, to the London Law Life Insurance Company for £180,000.

Immediately on making the purchase the company proceeded to do what has in a great measure been

THE RUIN OF THE PEASANTRY OF IRELAND,

and what has proved now, in the long run, the ruin of the landlords who utterly ignored the duties of owners towards tenants. For one part of the estate which they sold the company received £70,000. They then raised the rental of the remainder to £10,000 a year, an annual rental far in excess of the income received by the Martins for the entire estate, and not one penny of that large sum returns in any shape to the people who have slaved to pay it honestly as long as ever it was possible to do so. They tried to cultivate the miserable holdings that many of them have had to make and then have been obliged to pay so highly for that, from year's end to year's end, they never see meat on their tables. It was a bad day for the tenantry when the last of the Martins left, for if they were improvident, still they were indulgent to their poor neighbors, and did not grudge them to live."

"Aye, sir," said Peter, joining in, "and they spent every penny they had in the country side; for many an' many a time I heard my grandfather—God rest his soul—tell about old Dick Martin's an' the castle beyant in the middle of the Lough; it is called Martin's prison to this day. For you see, sir, ould Dick Martin, as well as them that went before him, saw such a height of company an' fed all the poor people round besides, that he was over head an' ears in debt, an' the bailiffs were forever comin' in throops down from Dublin to serve processes on him. But faith that was not so easy, for the entire tenantry was on the master's side, an' the very minit a stranger set foot inside Connemara the hue an' cry was out, an' it would be a brave man an' the divil's own 'cute bailiff that could get within ten miles of Ballinahinch, let alone serve a writ on Dick Martin. Now an' agin things 'ed get very hot entirely; a mountain of processes 'ed be out, an' then the masther 'ed gather round him half a dozen of his prime friends, lashins of potheen an' everything good, row out to the castle there in the lough, dhraw up the boat—an' then show me the bailiff that could get near Martin's Prison. An' well he paid them that took such care of him. My grandfather told me—never a word of lie in it—that he spent more every year paying the people that kept the processers out of Ballinahinch than 'ed pay every shillin' he owed. Oh, then, wisha! God be with the ould times."

"That road to your right is the way to the green marble quarries that we're so famous for in these parts. When we get to Clifden you'll see a very decent man there that makes no end of ornaments for ladies and gentlemen—hearts with holes in 'em is a very favorite present for gentlemen to make to ladies, and I overheard the other day a very elderly young man (from the South I knew by his accent) makin' a nate speech to a nice young lady that was along wid him. 'Though it is a stone heart,' sez he, beggin' of her to receive a nate little marble one, 'still, for all that, it's a stout, everlastin' heart,' sez he, 'an I'm strongly in hopes it'll prove a loadstone, an' sure, moreover,' sez he, 'it's the color of the Emeral Isle itself, an' the color of hope, so don't refuse it.' 'I wondher now,' she says, lookin' at it very innocent, 'what made the hole in it. Do you think now, if I tried very hard, I could break it?' Good evenin', sir"—to a handsome lad who was waiting with a trap at the end of a branch road, and who inquired if Peter had anyone for him. "I have, sure enough, your nearest and dearest (until your whiskers is grown,"—the latter part of the speech in a tone to heard only by the passengers, as our pleasant old friend alighted and came to say a hearty good-bye, pointing out as the neighborhood of his home a mountain whose huge, bare summit rose some few miles off to the west.

PETER'S FARE

had by this time considerably decreased in number. Some of the English ladies remained at the Recess Hotel when they found that it was kept by a fellow-countrywoman, for, as they remarked with much good taste, "they felt sure of not having to put up there with the Irish uncleanliness they should be certain to encounter if they stopped at the Clifden Hotel." I could not help earnestly hoping that the superior English cleanliness (if it existed) would go down in the bill next morning. There were now but few passengers, and we had an entire side of the long car to ourselves, as we journeyed slowly along, admiring the ever increasing loveliness of the landscape. In truth there is—in this one part of Ireland—an apparently inexhaustable mine of scenery that would give a lover of nature fresh scenes and new delights for every day of twelve months; wild grandeur alternating with glimpses of soft smiling sylvan beauty; sunshine that would brighten the saddest heart, and air that would invigorate the most delicate frame. The drawback to the climate is the frequency of violent rain, and in winter thunder storms rage at times with great violence, the effect of the lightning flashing and the rolling echoes of the thunder, as it reverberates from mountain to mountain, being wild and awe inspiring in the extreme—but grand.

"No, ye young thieves; not a foot of the road I'll take ye this day; walk back, now, as ye came. Didn't I take my solemn oath last night I'd never again let ye up? Comin' out every evenin' this way, schemin' every foot of five mile! No, the sorra a lift." Three stout little lads had darted out from their waiting place on the roadside, but hung back, abashed and wofully disappointed at Peter's rough looks and determined voice. "Oh! come now, Peter, the car is nearly empty; you must give them a lift for the last time."

"Well, ye schemers, up with you! an' remember, it isn't me ye have to thank this time," said Peter, relapsing into a broad smile and evidently not at all sorry to be coaxed into breaking his solemn oath. The boys got up nimbly, the two London travelers eagerly holding out their hands to help the little fellows to mount, and commencing to break through their native ice by chatting with the lads, whose frank, open manners seemed quite to delight the strangers. My new acquaintance was just proceeding to tell all about "the name that was on him," his schooling and his sums, when off flew his cap, where to he could not tell, for Peter had whisked it away in quite a fairy-like way, and was sitting high up in his coachman's seat, intent on the horses, but condescended, on hearing the little fellow's outcry, to advise him to get down and go after the cap, or wait till he caught a leprechaun and could snatch his red nightcap; and of all the places in Ireland, Peter added,

THE CROSS ROADS TO MAAM

is the place where fairies congregate, for it's there every leprechaun in Connemara comes each Friday night—"an' this is a Friday night, more be token, an' every one of the good people that wants brogeens mended comes with 'em to the cross roads." "Pray, will you kindly tell me what that (he did not venture on the word leprechaun) is supposed to be?" asked the quiet young London gentleman with a sudden interest in the talk, and he seemed full of gratitude when enlightened as to the ins and outs, ways and manners of the fairies and their wealthy but deceitful little shoemaker, who sits on a mushroom, often singing as he works away at his trade. Happy may be the mortal who can steal unawares on and catch the little being, whom he must hold tight, and never—for a single instant—must he take his eyes off the diminutive cobbler, no matter what story he tells his finder to induce him to turn his eyes in another direction. Then, whipping off the fairy's little red cap, the captor must refuse to let him or it go until the leprechaun tells him where to find one of the pots of gold the "Good People" have hidden away from mortals' eyes.

Very quiet, well bred these Englishmen seemed to be, a father and son, traveling with a strong desire to see the truth of things as they really are—not as, unfortunately, so many of their countrymen do, setting out full of blind and unchristian prejudices against our people and our country, our ways, our manners, and even our climate. These gentlemen, on the contrary, seemed full of kindly feeling; a little diffident, and, as we afterwards found, very fearful of in any way trespassing or intruding on the people; not quite understanding our way—a way, I suppose, peculiar to ourselves—of making friends with the humbler classes without encroaching on their privacy or being officious in our friendliness. These strangers were fast losing reserve under the genial Irish sunshine, and in the atmosphere of the pleasant Irish ways: the friendly, but thoroughly respectful manners of all—rich and poor—towards each other. They saw that though the coachman had his story and his joke for all, he never for a moment allowed the "free and easy" to get into his manner; that the children who sat beside us and put their little hands into ours so confidingly, were gentle and every bit as interesting as the finely dressed city boys and girls—far more so indeed, as being entirely ignorant of the dreadful precocity and affectation that are making too many "well bred" (save the mark!) juveniles a perfect disgrace to childhood. The strangers saw that the poor women, who often followed a long way, endeavoring to sell their knitted ware, were simple and modest, while full of ready wit and grateful for even a sincerely kind word; while all—men, women, and children, were ready, even in the midst of but too apparent poverty, to brighten each other's path with the sunshine of a cheerful word or the hopeful blessing that it is yet the good old custom to invoke on the comer or goer in Ireland. It does one good to see the poor peasant's face brighten and to hear the warmth of his or her benediction in response, when a well-dressed stranger is able to give the customary "God speed thee," or "God bless the work," in Irish; it is well worth the trouble of learning that much of our native tongue, were it only for selfish motives; for I have actually seen a poor woman stop, and, with a look of perfect delight at hearing a stranger make use of the beautiful old salutation, pour forth in response "seven hundred thousand blessings," and words of endearment. A few such Gaelic sentences will prove about the best passport a traveler could have to the confidence and kindness of the natives all through the South and West.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

PERSONAL.

Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, of South Chicago, has been made additionally happy by the birth of another son. The young gentleman arrived during the holidays, and displays that vigor of lungs, which proclaims the future orator. The mother is getting along nicely.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HANORA DOYLE.

Mrs. Hanora Doyle, relict of the late Thomas Doyle, of Ballinree, county Carlow, died, on Jan 5, at the family residence. She was in her 74th year, and was mother of James and the late Miss Maggie Doyle, of this city, and also of John and Thomas Doyle, of West Maitland, New South Wales. Australian papers are requested to copy.

Clan-na-Gael Guards.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards held their annual election on Jan. 8, which resulted in the re-election of L. R. Buckley and F. McCourt to the positions of Captain and First Lieutenant, respectively. Sergeant Michael Gorman was elected Second Lieutenant. This is the seventh term that Capt. Buckley has been elected to the command of the Guards and it must be gratifying to him to find, despite his own objections, that he was chosen unanimously.

HEROIC FRANCISCANS.

Splendid Discourse on the Irish Members of the Order by the Rev. Father Scannell.

Sublime Daring of the Glorious Friars in Their Fight for Creed and Country.

The "Four Masters," and Other Eminent Men, Were Franciscans.

The following beautiful discourse on the struggles and triumphs of the Irish Franciscans was delivered recently in the Franciscan church, Glasgow, by the very Rev. Father Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. He said:

Among the very many incidents that occurred and are recorded in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland during the past three centuries it could be said without hesitation that there was not one that could be compared to the subject spoken of that night. The subject was replete with interest. The man he intended to speak of had been instrumental in preserving the faith of the Irish people and keeping it alive in many a lonely district in Ireland. It had been sealed, too, by the blood that flowed from the hearts of the noble Franciscans. He would wish them to understand his intention was to include in their struggles, first of all, what they did to keep alive the faith of the Irish people, what they did by the works that flowed forth from their pens, what they did by that love they ever bore to their fatherland, and the means that they employed for the purpose of securing Ireland's independence. By their triumphs he simply meant nothing more than their martyrdom. To speak that evening of the history of

THE IRISH FRANCISCANS

from the time they landed in Youghal to the present day would be a herculean task to attempt, and though he limited his remarks to the latest three centuries, the field was so vast that he was bound to keep himself within a certain limit, and to be as brief as possible.

During the course of these past years Ireland had been under the sword of persecution, and the shamrocks on the hillsides and plains that once drooped their heads to the footsteps of saints had been dyed again and again by the blood that poured forth from the hearts of Irish Franciscans. Myriads of hired informers had been sent around the country for the sole purpose of hunting down like bloodhounds their priestly victims. A few, indeed, escaped in spite of the watch that had been kept upon them. Many of these noble-hearted men went forth in the midst of perils and danger, braving every obstacle to uphold the banner of faith, and, if necessary, to dye it again with their blood. Time after time these pseudo reformers rose up and attacked every dogma of their holy religion, and these champions of faith had again to descend for the hundredth time into the arena of discussion to refute the calumnies that had been directed against the holy church. Let it be said to the eternal and immortal honor of the Irish Franciscans, that when

DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES

which were gutted and razed to the ground, they met only assembled in the glens and woods, to recite the holy office, but they, even in the very face of the tyrant, wore the holy habit of St. Francis, in defiance of all penal laws, and what is more, during the very rage and height and apex of the persecution in Ireland, the Irish Franciscans met from time to time in Dublin to hold their provincial chapters, and elect the various superiors for the different houses in the country. Sometimes nearly seventy of them assembled, and they could often hear beyond the walls of their place of meeting the groans of some victim of the tyranny of these penal times. Not only this, but more. There is not a county in Ireland, from one end to the other, where there is not heard of and known the name of some brave son of St. Francis, who endured direful hardships and who braved every difficulty in bringing aid to those who stood in need of it. Who has not heard of that

BRAVE FATHER WARD,

a native of Tir Conail, who, with his companions, traversed every county in Ulster? At a time when other priests were forced away and sent off in exile that man went into the lonely districts of Ulster where the people were scattered and were without sacraments or sacrifice, and though he knew that there was danger around him, yet there was not a cabin he did not enter, not an aching heart he did not relieve, not a dying fellow-countryman that he did not whisper words of consolation into his ear. Mayo and the western counties had been visited by Father O'Dowd and his companions, never thinking of aught else than the spiritual wants of those in need of their aid, yet they knew there was nothing before them but the gibbet or the rack, whose terrors they braved. Look around the southern coast of Ireland. See such men as Father Hanley and Father O'Sullivan rising with their habit, moving among the people in the time of direst persecution—men who heeded not the danger that surrounded them and prevented many a bloody deed during these disastrous times. Who brought

PEACE, COMFORT, AND HAPPINESS

by their presence among the people. Well did Wicklow, Carlow, and Wexford remember the names of Fathers O'Molloy, Doherty and Ferall, all sons of St. Francis. These men passed from one mountain district to another, went from cabin to cabin, telling the people not to think of them, but of themselves, that if they were sheltered in the house it would be as dangerous for shelterers as for sheltered. And many a cold winter night did those brave Franciscans pass on the rocks and mountains, with nothing but the canopy of heaven over their heads. Not only did they uphold and keep the faith of the Irish people at home, they did more—for at one time the Irish Franciscans were more numerous than all the other religious put together—not only did they keep the lamp of faith alive at home, but went abroad like the saints of old. Even to Scotland did they come, and for many a year on the western coasts was our holy religion preserved by the Irish Franciscans. Who had not heard of Father Ward, of Father O'Neil, of Father McCann, and Father Hegarty? These were the men sent by Pope Paul V into the vineyards of Scotland at the time when Knox's ruffians were raging through the land.

After dwelling on the missionary labors, trials and sacrifices of these fathers in Scotland the speaker continued: Strange to say, during the fury of the tempest of persecution there were men to be found among the children of St. Francis, who sent forth from their pens the most marvelous works of literature, history, science and art. There is McCaghwell or Cavellus, the successor of Peter Lombard, the man who wrote the commentaries of the works of the Irish Franciscans, John Dun Scotus, termed "The Subtle Doctor," the defender of the immaculate conception of the blessed mother of God. But this is only one. Among the many learned works produced, we have that of Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, a child of St. Francis, who sent forth from the press the most wonderful works on

EVERY BRANCH OF SCIENCE.

What is to be thought of the authors of the "Annals of Ulster," the "Annals of Ireland," the "Annals of the Four Masters." Who were the Four Masters? Four Irish Franciscans—men who, although they had been driven time after time from their home in Donegal, still pursued their labors on the hillside or in the camp. The "Annals of the Four Masters" were received by ancient and modern writers with the utmost reverence and respect. Nothing can surpass the eulogiums that have been given to these learned, and pious men. Again, who was the man that had left within our grasps the history of the saints of Ireland? He is a man that, during a long course of years, brought together every possible document that could be obtained for the purpose of recording every deed of those saints that had lived in every vale and hill in Ireland—that man was no other than Father Tom Colgan, an Irish Franciscan. But there is one who holds his head and shoulders above every writer of his age, and who was a prodigy, not only of his own time, but even of succeeding ages—

FATHER LUKE WADDING,

a native of Waterford. It is simply marvellous how that man, in the midst of the whirl and bustle of his time, and the solicitude he had for the Irish people, could ever produce the works he did in such rapid succession. Apart altogether from the annals of the Franciscan Order, which are certainly huge volumes in themselves, we can scarcely understand how it was possible that he sent forth the innumerable works that have been and will be admired by the learned of every age. He was a man who raised up colleges for Irish students who were refused learning at home, and was a man who, singlehanded as he was, had the banners of the Irish chieftains blessed by the sovereign pontiff in the sacred crusade they waged for faith and fatherland against the heresy of the time. He it was who sent or had sent the nuncios, Scarampi and Rinuccini. Whatever may be said with regard to their mission in Ireland, one thing is certain—that if Rinuccini had been sent to Ireland when Wadding first desired it, Ireland would have been independent; there would not have been a Saxon in the land. Who was it, too, that sent the double-edged sword of Aohd O'Neil to Eoghain Ruadh (Owen Roe)—

THAT SWORD THAT DROVE TERROR INTO THE ENEMIES OF IRELAND?

No other than Father Luke Wadding. Who was it encouraged Eoghain Ruadh, who was it raised and roused the Irish exiles abroad to return to their native land and enter the army of Eoghain Ruadh? No other than the simple and humble Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding. There were some struggles of the Irish Franciscans. And now for their triumphs. They were well aware it was impossible they should escape the bloodhounds and hired informers, but he could not attempt that evening to relate to them all the triumphs of the Irish Franciscans over every instrument of torture during penal times; it was only possible to place before them the sufferings of a few.

Father O'Duillan was taken in the Friary in Youghal by order of the viceroy. He was a man of singular meekness and piety. Capt. Dowdall apprehended him. He was tied with cords and dragged along the streets to Trinity Gate. Heavy stones were tied to to his feet, and he was swung up with ropes to the tower. After having been held aloft in the air for a length of time he was lowered again; his feet were then tied, and he was raised with his head toward earth. The soldiers were drawn around him, and during the course of that time the holy man never ceased to pray for his executioners. They were ordered to fire, and two bullets passed through his heart. While Father O'Dowd was performing his offices of charity in Mayo he was permitted to hear the confession of a man condemned to death. Immediately the tyrants demanded of him all that he heard from the condemned man. Father O'Dwyer refused and declared he could not. They thev threatened him, but in vain. "I know nothing about what the man said to me."

"SEE THE GIBBET; SEE THE RACK!"

Father O'Dowd declared he cared nothing about their threats. They took off his cord, wound it around his head, put in a large stick between the cord and twisted it until the very eyes burst from the sockets and the skull was crushed. In an agony he expired. Father Donald and Father Hanley were apprehended on the southern coast. They were tied back to back and carried to the top of a steep rock, and from it were precipitated with violence into the waves of the Atlantic. Father O'Hely, who had been raised to the bishopric of Mayo with his chaplain, returned from Rome, and immediately on landing they were apprehended and brought before Drury in Limerick. They were asked to ackdowledge the queen—the glorious 'Queen Bess"—as head of the church. The bishop declared he acknowledged no head except the sovereign pontiff with visible head of the church on earth. For that act of treason both of them—the chaplain was Father O'Ruark, a descendant of the Princess of Breffni—both were placed on the rack. Sharp pointed needles were thrust up between their nails, and their feet. Their limbs were pulled to the farthest extent. The dislocated bodies were suspended with chains for fourteen days, and during that time they were the target of the brutal soldiery. In the city of Cork Father Francis Mahony was apprehended for nothing else than refusing to acknowledge the king or queen as head of the church. His hands were first bound together. Pitch and tar were then placed between his fingers. Fire was then set to the fingers, and while they were blazing a parson present asked him whether he felt any pain. The holy man said, "Just put your finger in the flames." After that he was hung, but strange to say, after being hanged for several hours and cut down—his friends being allowed to carry off the body—he rose up again to life. This is a thing that frequently happened during the age of persecution in Ireland. It may or may not be looked upon as a miraculous occurrence. However, as soon as he arose he called upon those present to bring before him the chief officers of the British forces in the city, and when they appeared the holy man upbraided them, showed them the evils they were pursuing, and the wickedness of their courses. Instead of being the means of reconciling this exasperated them the more, so much so that the friar was again ordered to be hanged.

The bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. O. Devaney, with his chaplain, both Franciscans, were brought to Dublin Castle and

THROWN INTO A DUNGEON

there. Efforts were made to assist him, but the only desire he expressed was that he should be buried in his habit. He was a man of over eighty years of age, and when he was brought before the villainous tyrants in Dublin Castle and accused of all sorts of things he had never heard of, and told that he would be set at liberty if he would but acknowledge their heresies; the holy man rose and declared: "No; I have not many years to live, and as our Lord died on the cross for me, I am only too glad to suffer death for love of Him, and here now before you and the world, declare that I am prepared to shed my blood for the faith." He was dragged in a cart through the streets of Dublin. When he mounted the scaffold, he, with thousands around him, prayed aloud for all who were about to execute him, and thanked God that the moment had arrived that he could give proof of his love for Him. There is this to be remarked about the struggles of the Irish Franciscans—the great thing they looked forward to, the great thing that animated them, was the desire of having at one time or another the opportunity of shedding their blood for the faith of Jesus Christ. This is certainly more than human. Those men of God braved hardships and dangers, because the faith they taught the people they wished to seal with their own blood. Hence it is that if there be a name to day revered, honored, respected, and loved in Ireland, it is certainly that of the child of St. Francis. Hence it was also they had reason to look back with pride to those men who spent their days and themselves for the faith of their fathers, who were worthy inheritors of the mantle of St. Patrick, and who to day, after three hundred years of persecution, were as bright and glorious and strong as the first day they landed in the town of Youghal.

Statistics of Divorce.

From the Present-day Paper in the January *Century* on "Problems of the Family," written by Rev. Samuel W. Dike, we quote the following: "Out of the total of 328,716 divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 289,546 were granted to couples who had been married in this country, and only 7,739 were from marriages celebrated in foreign countries. The place of the marriages of 31,389 is unknown. One-fourth of these latter are from Connecticut, as that state does not require a disclosure of the place of marriage in its libels for divorce. Now the report shows that out of 289,546 divorces whose place of marriage was in this country and was ascertained, 231,267, or 80.1 per cent., took place in the same state where the persons divorced had been married, and 57,679 couples, or 19.9 per cent., obtained divorce in some other state. The migration from state to state to obtain divorce must therefore be included within this 19.9 per cent. But it cannot be even anything like the whole of it. For in 1870 there were 23.2 per cent., and in 1880, 22.1 per cent., of the native-born population of this country living in the states where they were not born. Of course this last class comprises persons of all ages, while that under special consideration is made up of those who migrated between the date of marriage and that of divorce. The length of married life before divorce in the United States averages 9.17 years, which, I think, is from one third to one-half the average continuation of a marriage in those instances where divorce does not occur. Careful study may lead to a reasonably correct approximation to the proper reduction from the 19.9 per cent., and thus give the probable percentage of cases of migration to obtain divorce, but at present I would not venture an opinion on the point. It certainly is a very small part of all the divorces of the country, though varying in different states. But the necessity of such investigation is the point it illustrates. The discovery of these facts alone justifies the cost of the invaluable report of the Department of Labor. It can hardly fail to compel the study of the problem of uniformity from almost entirely new points of view as to its real nature and place in the general question."

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAUNTED CONVICT.

On, on, through the mud, and slop, and fog! Hedges, iron gates, tall trees came upon their view—came to them and receded into the distance. Carts, and carriages, the drivers whereof held their horses' heads and stayed to look at the convicts, also went by. Women, with their children in their arms, stood at cottage doors to look at the fettered ranks as they passed, or, if some distance from the road, walked thither to take a better and mayhap a sympathetic look at them; and perhaps to shudder a little as they looked forward to the future of the little ones in their arms.

It wou'd be hard indeed to think that any one of these fettered and handcuffed men, spattered over with mud, the result of their method of marching, clad in these hiedous grey garments, with the numbers of their convict rank, in substitution for their names, stamped on the front of their caps, the collars of their jackets, and their sleeves in red letters, could ever have been innocent children fondled in mothers' arms.

If they passed through a village, the warders with their shotted guns at half cock still marching before and behind—as if the prisoners were wild dogs that might at any moment burst forth and do mischief—the villagers all rushed into the streets to see the chained outcasts mutely march past.

After three or four hours of this ceaseless and monotonous march, No. 25 began to feel a sense of thirst growing upon him, which increased with each successive mile, until he thought he could bear it no longer. His throat and mouth grew dry as a limekiln, and his tongue could scarcely afford the moisture to wet his parched pallet and throat. Mile after mile passed as he suffered in this manner, until he felt that he could go no further.

He was about to say so to his companion when the clank of the butt end of a gun rang on his ears, and a loud cry came along the ranks.

"Halt!'

As one man all stopped, for all were tired parched and worn. The exuberance and heartiness of the first few hours had worn itself out in the toil of the latter ones, and the rest came with a greatful sense to all.

They had arrived at a small stream, and here they were allowed to rest, and eat, with the assistance of the running stream, their chunks of dry black bread.

Their handcuffs were quickly unlocked, four stakes were planted in the ground at the four points of the parallelogram, beyond the lines of which they were not to stir under pain of being shot; and by the side of the little river the convicts wearily flung themselves to drink of its waters to assuage the burning thirst, and to eat—those who were so disposed—their black bread and to rest their tired limbs.

No. 25 and his companion were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege: and, the former throwing himself on his breast on the meadow bank, and bending his face over the water, drank long and copiously—as indeed did also his companion.

When he had satiated his thirst, he endeavored to munch his bread, but though hungry and stomach weak, he could not eat it, so he restored it again to his bag.

"When you're as long as I am at it, you'll eat it ready enough," said his companion, noticing this.

"How long are you in?" asked Convict No. 25.

"Ten years."

"And you are in for life?"

"Yes; I'm in for life."

"What for?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Just so—nothing."

"I thought that I," said No. 25, glancing at his companion, "was the only one in for nothing."

"Maybe I shouldn't say for nothing—but it's all the same. I'm in for having too much money, if you like that better."

"I don't like it better or worse," said Convict No. 25 pityingly; for, looking at the frightened and restless eye of the other, he at once inferred that his long imprisonment had touched his brain. And, as he instantaneously thought of his own years to come, a sympathetic shudder passed through his frame. "But it's a pity to see any one in for life, no matter what it's for."

"Well, that's what it's for," said the man, munching his bread.

"How did that come?" said No. 25, with some curiosity to see how a life-long sentence could arise from such a curious cause.

"It's a long story to tell; you wouldn't care to listen to it."

"Yes, I would. I have not heard a soul talk these two months."

"Nor I for three times that. But I don't know whether he would like me to tell it. Maybe not. I don't know."

He lifted his frightened eyes in sudden terror upwards, as if he expected to see some person standing over him. The bread he was munching fell from his hands.

Convict No. 25, startled a great deal by this striking exhibition of sudden and secret dread, lifted the bread and restored it to his hands. As he did so he was startled at the dreadful pallor of the man's face, and the look of awful terror that came out from his cowed and restless eyes. At first he was alarmed least the man might go into a fit; but he did not, and gradually steadied himself.

"I can always feel when he's coming, or when he's near me," said he with a sense of relief, manifest in his utterance; "but he's gone now. He that showed it to me first."

"What?"

"The money."

"Where?"

"Down in the south."

"How does he come to see you?"

"I don't know; but he does."

"Where?"

"Everywhere."

"Everywhere?"

"Yes; everywhere. Sometimes in the cell."

"In the cell?"

"Yes; in the cell the darkest night he'll come. I know when he's near, for I always waken out of my sleep, in fright, to find him standing over me."

"How does he come in?"

"I don't know. Sometimes when I'm picking oakum with the others he stands beside me, and lays his hand on my shoulder and talks to me."

'Talks to you?"

"Yes; talks to me. I must talk to him while he is there. Warder comes up; finds me idle and talking; twenty-four hours in dark cell on bread and water. And that happens once every week, or every two weeks."

"Why does the warder allow it?"

"Allow what?"

"Allow him to come."

"God bless you! the warder cannot help him. No one can help him. He comes when he likes and he goes when he likes."

The convict raised his cap with his unfettered hand, and wiped with it the heavy drops of perspiration that stood on his brow. Fixing it again he restored it to his former place.

"I don't understand it," said No. 25, much puzzled.

"No—nor any one. I don't myself."

"But he can't come in without their permission?"

"He can come at any time—through iron doors, and barred windows."

"Oh, then, he's not a prisoner," said No. 25, with a new light breaking in on him.

"I don't know what he is, but he comes."

"Oh?"

"Yes; comes constantly ever since he first came to me."

"And how long is that ago?"

"Just ten years. I'd have forgotten how long, but I happened to see the name of the year in the governor's room, the day I was ordered off; only for that I wouldn't know whether it was five, or ten, or twenty. How would you? One day is the same as another, and after a time you lose count of the days, and very soon of the seasons, and then of the years. They all pass blank, blank, blank; no stay, no guide, no mark to any of them. All alike!"

"Ten years is a long time," said No. 25, with a shudder.

"So it is. But they pass; the years pass. I thought the first week would never pass, then the first month, then the first year. But, you see, ten have passed—passed whether I liked it or not. And will pass and pass until they carry me out of the cell to throw me into the quicklime behind the prison. That's their burying-ground. I did not care how soon it came either. I have not many years more to spend now."

"What age are you?"

"Thirty five."

"Thirty five!" said the other in astonishment. He looked more like sixty five.

"Thirty five," repeated the other decidedly. I was sentenced when I was barely twenty five years. I am ten years in. Anyone can make it out from that."

"How did it happen?"

"That I was sentenced?"

"Yes; and such a heavy sentence."

"Simple enough. You see I lived in the county Clare. I was married there, and had a farm. The farm was not a very large one but suited me very well. You could see the Atlantic from the house. When Mary sat sewing of a summer's day, before the baby was born, she could see the sea shining like a gleam of silver before her. And afterwards when the little thing began to take notice, she would lift it up to show it the vessels passing up and down. So I, if I was working in the fields, could see it if I lifted my eyes. It was very happy, so it was; very happy. I think I can see it now through the fog. I often jumped out of bed in my sleep in the prison when I'd think I'd see the white sheet spread on the hedge afore the door. When I was working too far from the house to hear her voice calling, she used to spread a sheet on the hedge to show me that dinner was ready. Hundreds of times I've seen it in my sleep, in the darkness of midnight in the cell.

"It was too happy to last, maybe, or we didn't deserve it, or something. Anyhow we got notice to quit."

"Ah," said No. 25, with a choking feeling.

"You know what that is," said the other turning quickly round to him.

"I do," said the former.

"It isn't that brings you here—is it?"

"It's the cause of it anyhow," said No. 25 with a gulp.

"Belike enough. It sent many a one to the jail and many a one to the gallows, God help the people."

The convict interrupted his narrative by a wondering fit of reflection, in which he seemed lost for a few minutes.

"You got notice?" suggested No. 25

"Yes," said the other, interrupting his reflection, "I got notice. The landlord wanted my farm to add to another man's, or to turn into game land, or for something or another—it does not make much difference what it's for, when he does want it—does it?"

"No; it does not," said No. 25 emphatically.

"No. Well I wouldn't give it up as long as I could help it. What could I do out of it? Nothing. What could my wife do—she was only twenty-one—turned out of it on the high road? Or what could the little baby do—just one year old? Or what could I do for either of them? I told the landlord all that. I might as well ask a favor from the warder beyond, with his loaded gun, or from the big stone you see in the river. Out I must go—and out I did do.

"What we suffered no one knows but ourselves—and God, if He saw it, which I don't think He did, because if He did, He wouldn't permit it. The roof was taken off before our eyes. The hedge of rose trees was trampled and pulled down, and the rose tree I had planted the morning baby was born, and that we both watered so carefully ever after, and that was doing so finely, was torn up and thrown to wither. Much as baby's own life was torn up. Just the same. But it took place all the same.

"It was in the month of February too. The weather was cold and the snow was half melting on the ground. Where could I go?—nowhere! What could I do?—nothing! I built a hut with such sticks and covering as I could get in a bit of waste heath near the shore. And there I lived for some time, working about so long as I could get work to do.

"But I soon had to give up work. Mary caught a cold in the damp of the hut, and with the weakness of having but little to eat—and that little, poor—her strength ran out, like water out of a sieve. So the baby got a cold too, and was very bad; and the mother, the creature, bad as she was, kept her in her arms, trying to mind her and keep the life in her, and I had to try and mind both.

"Anyhow, they grew worse and worse, until Mary was scarcely able to turn in the bed or hold the baby to her breast.

"One cold evening came when there wasn't a spark of fire on the hearth, nor a drop of anything but water in the house. There wasn't milk to make a drop of whey, though I knew she was thirsty for it. People used to give and give, and send and send—though the nearest was a mile off—but people get tired of giving and giving, when it's likely to go on for ever, and they get worn out.

"I walked about the house, and about the heath that grew around. I didn't know what to do, or where to get succor and relief. I was in awful agony.

"'I wish I had a little money for my starving family,' I used to say aloud to myself. 'A little, a little, only a little! I wish God or the devil would bear me a helping hand. Anything to get food and medicine for the famishing creatures.'

"I had not eaten anything myself for that day, though the evening was falling—nor the day before My heart was too full of burning up just to eat anything—even if I had it.

"There was no relief to be had outside, as there was nothing but sorrow inside. I came in to see how they were doing, though well I knew how they were doing. What way could they be doing but the one way?

"But when I came in I was frightened to see the change that had come over my wife's face. It made the heart stand across in my breast.

"'Are you worse, Mary?' I asked her.

"'I am,' said she; 'have you any drink there?'

"'There is nothing in the house, Mary,' said I, 'but water.'

"'Give me that!' said she. She was speaking at the time lower than a whisper, so that I had to kneel beside her on the ground—she was lying on a sheas of straw—and bend my face down to her's to hear her.

"She took the drink of water.

"'I think you ought to go for the priest,' said she. 'I feel very bad.'

"'And who'll mind you and the little one while I'm away, Mary?' said I. 'It's six miles to where the priest lives. Who'll mind you all the time I'm away?'

"'God,' said she feebly. 'God and the Blessed Virgin.'

"Nobody will ever know what I suffered that night. Nobody. I couldn't be of much use staying, when I hadn't a bit or a sup to give them, the creatures; but for all that, somehow, I couldn't bear to leave them alone in the hut that night, in the cold and the dark, and the wet, and the hunger.

"I tore myself away to go for the priest. Greater despair, torment, blackness, madness, lay never in any heart than in mine that journey. I ran the whole way. Along the cliffs by the shore, up and down, up and down, until I came to the high road: and then fast as I could through the melting snow that lay in the hollow of the cliffs, and through the mud and slush of the road is until I came to the preest's house.

"I did not know how weak I was until I reached my journey's end. In my torture and agony, I forgot I had been fasting two days without eating anything.

"I had scarcely given my message to the priest, who knew me well, when I fell in a faint. Before I went off altogether, I could hear him say to the servant—'This poor fellow seems starving, look to him until I come back.'

"It was about midnight when I came to. The housekeeper had something prepared for me to eat, but with the weakness I could not put a morsel into my mouth. I took a glass of spirits from her and set out to go home again. She wanted me to wait until morning, or until the priest came back, but if I had had to walk through fire all the way I'd have gone.

"When I came to the place where I had to leave the road and go across the fields, I met the priest in the dark riding out on the road.

"'Who is that?' said he as he noticed my form in the dark. 'Is that Phelim?'

"'It is,' said I, 'your reverence. How are they?'

"'They're well, Phelim, my poor fellow,' said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. 'They'll never feel sorrow or pain in this world again. Why didn't you come and tell me how hardly off you were?'

"'Is she better, your reverence?' said I, for I didn't know what he meant. 'Is the little one better?'

"'They are both better," said he, getting off his horse to speak to me. 'Better than ever they could be in this world, for they're both with God.'

"'They're not dead, your reverence?' I said. I could hardly ask the question. The drops of perspiration tumbled off my forehead, and fell on my hands as I lifted them to my face, as cold as hailstones and as big.

"'You must bear it, my poor fellow. It is the hand of God, and if he gives trouble in this world, He gives eternal happiness for it in the next. We are in His hands. You must bear with your great troubles. The baby was gone when I went there, and your poor wife died with my hand under her head.'

"I don't know how I left him. I think I ran mad in the dark towards home. I know that I raved and cursed, with my brain on fire, as I ran through the dark—cursed myself, cursed my landlord, cursed earth and heaven.

"I suppose I fell or lay down exhausted, for when I woke up I was lying on the side of the cliff, wet and cold and shivering. It was a morning like this one was, and the day was just breaking. It was then I first saw him. I had only begun to stagger along as fast as I could towards home. when I noticed somebody walking beside me. I did not much mind, nor did I care. But he kept step for step with me, walking when I walked, running beside me when I ran a few steps; never leaving me—never once leaving me!

"I climbed into the rath that was on the way, to get a few sticks to light a fire when I got home. He gathered some too. I pulled at an old rotten bush that gave way with me Feeble though I was the whole 'scraugh' gave way with my pull.

"A few coins turned up with the earth. I looked at them and found they were gold. I thrust my hand down through the soft earth and found there were more, many more. I didn't know how much more. If there were a million I wouldn't have thought them worth keeping. I took a few and threw the scraugh back again over the place, and tramped on it. I took the little bundle of fagots, and tried to run home with them. You may think it queer, but my whole anxiety was to light a fire to warm the poor things. It often seems queer to myself now, but that's what I had in my head. If I could only light a fire to warm them! I couldn't get out of my head the wet straw and the wet ground, all sodden with the snow, they were lying upon. And I was boiling over with my haste to kindle a fire to keep them warm, even although I knew they were dead.

"I think I must have lost my senses, for I don't remember anything more until I found myself marching through the streets of Ennis a prisoner. I didn't know nor care then what happened me; but I knew afterwards on the trial.

"The landlord's house—he was bad to many others as well as me—was attacked and burnt down and plundered at daybreak that morning, and himself burnt in it. You must have heard of that."

"I did not," said No 25.

"Well it was. There was plenty to swear that I was there. The priest proved I couldn't be, but the others swore I was. Maybe because I was likely to be—because I had reason to be. But what made everyone sure I was was the gold I had in my pocket. How else could it come there but by plunder? And to make the matter worse, I could not remember myself how it came. I had forgotten it. It was long after, one night dreaming in my cell, I remembered it. Ay, and could lay my hand on the place if I were there. But what was the use talking about it?"

"And your companion of that night?" asked No. 25.

"Hush!" said the convict with a frightened gesture. "Hush!" speak easy. Ever since he comes at times—and watches me. In the night in my cell. In the daytime at my work, picking the oakum. I can know when he's in the room in my sleep. Sometimes I can know when he's coming, I feel my heart beginning to flutter and beat, and the cold perspiration come out through my face and forehead. Sometimes I leap from my standing to find him, when I turn my head, beside me, watching me. Watching me! It's awful!"

The deadly pallor of the man's face bore an expression of profound terror, which was heightened by the fear that manifested itself in his restless and furtive glancing eyes. There was no mistaking the truth of the convict's story from the earnestness of his words; but there was still less from the terrified indications of his face.

"Did you see your wife and child?"

"No; I don't remember. I think not."

"Did you ever hear from Clare since?"

"Not a word — not a word, for ten years."

"Does he come to you still?"

"Hush! Speak easy! Yes."

"Often?"

"Sometimes often, sometimes not. Speak easier."

"Does he speak every time?"

A hoarse cry of "Fall in there! Fall in!" from each of the four warders brought the convicts to their legs and into rank quickly, and two of them proceeding along the line relocked the handcuffs.

The men filed once more into the road, and, as before, commenced their renewed weary tramp over the gutters and pools of the high way, on to their destination.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Stogaidhe Romanach.

Air leanamhuin.—

"Deanaim d' aithne dá mairsadh an t-Ean so,
Nach m-biadh an ealta-so a' leabain na bh-Féinics,
'S nach bh-fághadh Gailia ná Cromshuil géilleadh,
Amhail mar a fuair ó' n n-uair do eug se.

"Acht gidh cráidh liom a tháig-sean d' éisteacht,
Liom ní cás a bhás air aen-chor,
O nach le Gallaibh do gearradh a laethe,
Acht le Dia l-'r mhiann a shaeradh.

"Is geárr 'n a dhiaidh go dian gur dírghidh
An leomhan cathach an t-Easbog Eibhir,
Fear an chloigcian chomhthrom, euchtaich,
Do rug bárr air chách 'n an lé ghionntacht.

"An fear ba díreach croidhe do Ghaedhlaibh,
Do bhris misneach a's dilghthe na méirleach,
A bhain ceannas de Ghaillaibh a' n-Eirinn,
'S do chuir ruaig air shluaighthibh Shéarlais.

"'S é mo chreach gur gearradh a laethe,
Tré easbog Dhúin ní fógha m' égnach,
A's tré uaisibh Ulaidn na g-curaidh laechda,
A's Henraidhe ruadh d' ár bha dual tréine.

"Mac-Uidhir an chroidhe Ghaedhlaich,
A's O Catháin an coiléa léimneach,
Laech na ruaig Mac Tuathail Féidhlim,
Beandacht leo, a g-cómhaireamh ní fheudaim.

"A's ó táim cráidhte, fágtha, cé sta,
Fiafruighim díoh arís a thréin-mhéic,
Cá r' ghabh tarrngaireacht Phátruice naemhtha,
Ráth Bhearefáin no Shean-áin at éimh, dhil.

"Chiardán Chluana do foair géilleadh,
Cholaim-Cille an oinich aedhearaich,
Ráth Chaillfa no Uiltáin t-saoraich,
Nó Cholmáin Adhla dá'r bha beatha feur glas,

"Uch óo óch! mo bhróa gheur é!
Mho ghuil mo chaoidh! mo dhíchéille!
Mo lom! mo ghleoidh! mo cheodh! mo leun ghuirt!
Mo nuar! mo mhilleadh! mo mhire! mo phéla-bhroid!

"Trian a n-galar go follus ní leur dhamh,
Acht na Gaeidhil 'g á sní mhadh 's 'g á r-geur-ghoin,
'G á g-cur síos, 'g á g-claoidheadh, 's 'g á reubadh,
Lo plágh, le gorta, le cogadh, 's le leur-agrios.

'Cóir do Dhia gan iad do shaoradh,
Ní raibh a m-basa a n-glacaibh a chéile,
Ní raibh an tuath go fuaighte d' aen-toll,
'S ní raibh an Chliar a riamh acht reubtha.

"Do bhidh cuid ifonta dhíobh do bhré agaibh,
A's cuid nó dhó le pór n-Eireach,
Dhá shuid aill le Gallaibh ag géilleadh,
Cuid le cleasaibh ag mealladh na n-Gaedhala.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

NOTICE—During the winter months the Gaelic class will meet at 736 Canal street, up-stairs, every Sunday, from 3 to 5 p. m.

A Picture of One Part of Parliament.

Lord Salisbury is an aristocrat to the backbone. He regards the house of commons as a necessary evil. Among his lieutenants there is no man whom even flattery could call a statesman. One or two of them are fairly administrators, but most of them are aristocrats who would find it difficult to earn a living, if without prestige or protection they were to endeavor to maintain themselves as clerks in a commercial establishment. These flies in amber have all the prejudices of their Tory predecessors, but they are greedy and needy. They thoroughly appreciate the value of the spoils of office; and there is no baseness that they would not commit, no principle that they would not recant, no policy that they would not adopt, in order to retain their hold on these spoils. As for the Tory ruck in parliament, they have prejudices but they have no opinions. A more contemptible set of men it would be difficult to conceive. They seldom either take part in debates, or listen to discussions; they hang about in the library, in the tea room, and in the smoking room of St. Stephen's When a division is about to take place, they crowd into the house, and they are directed by their whips to the government lobby, into which they flock with the docility and stupidity of sheep—*Henry Labouchere in the January Forum.*

The Chicago Hotel,

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

Ostriches in America.

There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which, I have been told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious. He says that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand and imagine he is unobserved by his enemies) On the contrary, he is a very pugnacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does a female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch them. To do them justice, they are quite domestic, and deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from an ordinary cane.

His strength lies in his great breast and his feet. He has one great claw, and a very small one, and with a terrible precision he can bring down the large claw with a cruel force that will tear open anything not made of sheet iron.

Savage birds at best, they are dangerously so during breeding time. The twenty-two birds brought to our California ranch trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the Equator. It being the rainy season, their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure.

The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole some six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator-house, the California ranch requires no buildings for the use of the birds, though the land is divided off into pens fenced in, each about an acre in extent, for the use of the breeding birds, every pair occupying one such inclosure.

The ostriches live upon alfalfa and corn. Alfalfa is a grass cultivated all over the ranch; it resembles our clover, and grows to a crop some six times a year.—*From "An Ostrich Ranch in the United States," by Anna Eichberg King, in St Nicholas for January.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J A Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CATHOLIC CHURCHES DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. L. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 632 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dewitzz, pastor. Residence 2936 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2548 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 906 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 85 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bremgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 819 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 233 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 934 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc-Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2484 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 6 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. R. Weber, pastor Residence 188 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rotha, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. E. Thiele, pastor. Residence 655 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 681 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, C.S.R., pastor. Residence 239 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 7 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—356 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tirbe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adalbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. B. Radajewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

LA GRIPPE IN NEW YORK

The Ravages of the Disease on the Increase.

FOUR DEATHS RECORDED IN A DAY.

Men Attack in Greater Numbers and with More Serious Results Than Women—Three Hundred and Fifty-seven Policemen Down with the Disease—An Unprecedented Mortality from Pneumonia Recorded Recently—Fatal Cases of La Grippe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The ravages of the "grippe" continue, and not a few physicians have arrived at the conclusion that in its serious manifestations it is to be regarded as a symptom of pneumonia. There seem to be good grounds for this view in the unprecedented mortality recorded recently from pneumonia. During the twenty-four hours ending at noon Friday 220 deaths from all causes were reported to the health board. Of this number fifty-one were from pneumonia, forty-one from consumption, fifteen from bronchitis, and four from influenza. This last was the cause stated by the physicians in the death certificates, but owing to the coils of red tape no further information concerning the cases could be obtained. It was learned that two of the victims were Michael Horan of 173 Bleecker street and Charles E. Hutchins of 215 West Twelfth street.

Men Have the Worst of It.

Such a number of deaths is phenomenal for the time of year. Dr. Tracey, the statistician of the health department, said Friday that it was succeeded only one day in 1889 and that was in the warmest part of the summer. Then the number of deaths in twenty-four hours was 227. Next week the health board will furnish a table showing the districts in the city which have been most affected by the epidemic. Officials are busily occupied in forwarding statistics with this end. There can be no doubt, Dr. Tracey thinks, that some districts of the city show a peculiar susceptibility to the development of the germs.

Another interesting phenomenon of the epidemic is that it has attacked men in greater numbers and with more serious results than women. Physicians account for this by the greater exposure to which men are subjected. The records at the health department show that of fifty deaths from pneumonia more than half the victims were men. The number of policemen reported on sick leave at noon Friday was 357 out of a total of 3,416. Most of them are down with the influenza. Patrolman Elsworth S. Drew, of the Harlem Police station, died in Bellevue hospital of pneumonia brought on by the disease.

Some Victims of La Grippe.

Louis Nathal, a well-known composer, musician, and author, died at the French hospital Thursday afternoon of pneumonia, which was preceded by an aggravated attack of "grippe." Mr. Nathal was a man of strong and imposng physique. He had adapted several plays from the French, the most successful of which were "Monbars," "The Suspect," and "The Marquise."

Mrs. Winifred Tooker, wife of Commodore Joseph H Tooker, died Friday of pneumonia, which followed an attack of influenza. Her physician, Dr. Alexander Hunter, said "la grippe" undouttedly caused the fatal disease. Mrs. Tooker had been ill for a week. All her family were around her death-bed with the exception of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Victor A. Sezzermann, who lives in Chicago. Mrs. Tooker was 55 years old and a sister of William J. Florence, the actor, and of Police Inspector Peter Conlin. Leon Ramy died at his home, 99 Sixth avenue, Thursday of "grippe." He was 21 years old, a glass worker in the employ of Semon, Bache & Co., and was the sole support of his mother.

Public Officials Prostrated.

United States Deputy Marshall George Holmes is confined to his bed by a bad attack of the "grippe." Among other public officials prostrated by the disease are Tax Commissioner Michael Coleman, Supervisor W. J. Kenny, Mayor's Secretary Thomas C. T. Crain, and W. J. Duggett, of the corporation counsel's office. There have been ninety deaths from pneumonia so far this week in in Brooklyn. The total mortality for the week is expected to run up to about 400, or sixty more than last week. There were 116 members of the Brooklyn police force on the "grippe" list Friday, being four less than the previous day.

A Raving Maniac.

Dr. Paul Hoffman, assistant superintendent of schools, was taken to Bellevue hospital early Saturday morning, a raving mania from the effects of an attack of la grippe with which he has been suffering for several days. He occupied a room at the Alpine flats at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third streets. At 5 o'clock Saturday morning the other tenants in the house were awakened from their slumbers by the reports of pisto shots in the hall. Dr. Hoffman was found partly dressed standing near the door of his room with a pistol in his hand about to fire again. He was arrested and placed in a cell. He had only been in the cell a few minutes when he began yelling like mad. An ambulance was sent for and he was taken to the insane pavilion at Bellevue, where he is now confined a raving maniac.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Howard Hospital Closed on Account of La Grippe.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4.—The Howard hospital, Broad street, near Christian, was closed Friday until Monday, on account of the matron, nurses, resident physicians and visiting medical men being all sick with the grip. Mrs. Mary A. Anthony, the matron, was first taken sick over a week ago and was confined to her bed until Friday, but has been suffering since and is wholly unfit to attend to her duties. Then followed Mrs. Addis, one of the nurses, who took to her bed four days ago and is still there. Another nurse, Miss Roseldale, was the next victim. She succumbed the day after Miss Addis, though Friday she was well enough to leave her room for a while. Dr. W. W. N. Naylor, the resident physician, was taken sick three days before Christmas, but rallied so as to be able to be about again.

Confined to His Bed.

On New Year's Day he was seized with a chill, and has been confined to his bed ever since. There are three female servants connected with the hospital, and all are sufferers from "la grippe," though only one has been down with it. The other two have managed to "drag themselves around," as the matron expressed it, but were of no use to themselves or anybody else. Dr. C. Griffith, one of the visiting physicians, has also been a victim, though he has been able to take his turn at the hospital. Dr. Barr, the other visiting physician, who was to have taken the place of Dr. Luther, whose term expired Friday, failed to appear at the hospital, and it was said that he was also a victim of the influenza.

The Disease Spreading in England.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—Mr. Chaplin, minister of agriculture, has a severe attack of influenza. He is confined to his bed. The influenza prevailing in Liverpool has been positively traced to infection from letters received in the Russian mail. There are many cases of influenza at Birkenhead and Dorchester. The spread of the disease is facilitated by the weather, which is damp, warm and oppressive.

As Deadly as Cholera.

WALTHAM, Mass., Jan. 4.—Maria Pulford, a school girl, aged 14 years, was found dead in bed at the home of her uncle, Isaac Pulford, Friday morning. The doctor pronounced it a case of la grippe. She had complained of headache and of not feeling well for several days, but had attended school and was not supposed to be seriously ill.

Whole Families Prostrated.

TRIBES HILL, N. Y. Jan. 4.—The grippe is fast making its way through the Mohawk Valley, and it is estimated that three are already eight hundred cases. John H. Graydon, aged 80 years, died of the complaint Friday night. He had been ill three days. Whole families are prostrated in some places.

Out in Missouri.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 4.—The influenza is spreading very rapidly here. Secretary Fanning and his wife are both very ill. The governor has been ill for two days, and several clerks at the capitol are confined to their rooms. William Dewyll, a druggist, 25 years old, has died from the disease.

A Death at Orange, Mass.

ORANGE, Mass., Jan. 4.—Katie Hastings, aged 23, daughter of Charles W. Hastings, was taken with la grippe the first of the week, and died Saturday forenoon. Seventy-five employes of the sewing machine works here are out with la grippe.

At New Haven, Conn.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 4.—There are in the neighborhood of one thousand cases of grippe in New Haven. In the almshouse and hospital there are a dozen patients. Ten police officers out of the 100 are off duty with the disease.

The Empress Augusta Has It.

BERLIN, Jan. 4.—The Empress. Augusta is ill with influenza.

ADVANCE MONEY TO PLAYERS.

Some Items Showing What It Costs to Own a Club.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—It costs money to own a ball club. This fact is daily becoming more and more patent to the backers of the Players' League club in Chicago. Already upward of $6,000 has been expended in advance money to players, incidental, etc., and the drain still continues. Grounds for the forthcoming season have not been decided upon, but when they are an additional outlay of $20,000 to fit them up will be necessitated. All in all fully $30,000 will be required to put the White Stockings on the field, and this, too, before a cent has been realized upon the investment. Thus it will be seen that this brotherhood business is costing those who are pushing it not a little coin of the realm.

Money for Players.

Of the amounts so far paid out in advance to players by the local team it is said Latham has received $600; Baldwin, $500; O'Neill, $500; Boyle, $50; Ryan, $500; Williamson, $620; Dwyer, $250; Farrell, $250; Van Haltren, $250, and King, $500. Thus it will be seen that all but six of the sixteen players signed have "touched" the club treasury and that the grand total drawn in advance to date is $4,370. And the season is nearly five months distant, too.

A Window Glass Trust Effected.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Jan. 3.—The long-contemplated and much-talked-of combine or trust of the window glass manufacturers of the United States has at last been effected and the pool is now an accomplished fact. All the details were arranged at a meeting held this week between the Ohio and Indiana associations of window glass manufacturers, representing twenty-nine factories, the United Window Glass company, composed of ten houses in different parts of the country, with headquarters in Chicago, the Pittsburg Window Glass association and Chambers, McKee & Co. tank houses, of Jeannette, and the combine began business under the new arrangement Thursday.

The O'Shea Divorce Suit.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—In the suit for divorce that has been brought by Capt. O'Shea with Mr. Parnell as co respondent, the plaintiff has engaged Mr. Inderwick and Sir Edward Clarke as his counsel. The interests of Mr. O'Shea will be looked after by Mr. Lockwood, while Sir Charles Russel has been again retained by Mr. Parnell. It is expected that this famous advocate's cross-examination of O'Shea will quite equal his excoriation of the unfortunate Pigott who deemed flight and suicide not too heavy a price to pay for liberation from the torture to which a reappearance in the witness box would have exposed him.

Seed for Dakota Farmers.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 4.—The conference between Governor Miller, of North Dakota, ex-Governor Pillsbury, and the Minneapolis elevator men was entirely satisfactory and Governor Miller feels much encouraged. The elevator men agree to furnish all the seed wheat needed by Dakota farmers at a very low rate of interest, or no interest at all provided that either the state, the railroads, or corporate bodies will guarantee payment when crops are harvested. The payment is to be bushel for bushel at the price in Minneapolis, less the freight, and the best quality of No, 1 hard will be furnished.

The Silver Bow Case.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 3.—Judge Hunt Thursday delivered his opinion in the celebrated mandamus case of W. H. Roberts, of Silver Bow county, against State Auditor Kenney, for salary and mileage. Judge Hunt did not decide which of the two houses of representatives is the legal body, nor whether Roberts is a member of the legislature. He refrained from giving an opinion on this phase of the matter, which he says is purely within the province of the legislature itself. The court decided that if Roberts was a state officer the auditor might issue to him a certificate.

Terrible Wreck in Texas.

HALLETTSVILE, Tex., Tex., Jan. 4.—Friday night at 7 o'clock a freight train on the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass road went through the bridge at this place. There were twenty-two cars in the train and all fell through. On the cars were a dozen men. Up to Friday evening seven had been taken out, four of them not seriously injured. Four have not been recovered yet. It is reported that the bodies of three dead men have been found about seven miles below here floating in the river.

STOOD THE TEST WELL.

The Squadron of Evolution Had a Stormy Passage.

EXPERIENCES IN A FURIOUS GALE.

The Huge Cruisers Tossed by the Mountainous Seas Like the Tiniest of Playthings—The Yorktown, Being the Lighter Vessel, Compelled to Heave to—A Record of Which the City of Chester May Well Feel Proud.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The Associated Press correspondent on board the Atlanta, of the squadron of evolution, in a letter dated Lisbon, Dec. 21, describes the experiences of the squadron in the trip across the Atlantic. He says: At 7 p. m. on the 12th, in the height of a furious southwesterly gale and tremendous sea, the commander of the Yorktown made night signals to the flagship, requesting permission to "heave to," which was granted. From that time the Yorktown gradually dropped astern, and at 8 p. m. nothing could be seen of her from the Atlanta's deck. During the night and all the next day the sea ran "mountain high," but the Atlanta, in spite of her low fore and after parts, rode it like a duck, as did also her sister, the Boston, which held a position on the Chicago's starboard quarter. Nothing could more forcibly convey to the mind the fury of the vast Atlantic than the sight of those huge cruisers tossed like the tiniest of playthings by the mountainous sea.

Muzzles of Guns Under Water.

Scudding under reefed fore and main topsails and foresail, and burying the muzzles of their guns under water at every roll, it seemed incredible that their canvas would stand or that they could long continue to run before such a sea. No thought of "lying to," however, suggested itself to the mind of Admiral Walker. The Chicago rolled on and on and the two gallant brigs followed, even if they did occasionally hide their entire forward and after ends under green seas. Taking everything into consideration the action of the captain of the Yorktown in bringing the vessel to the wind and sea was no more than could have been expected. The Yorktown is a comparatively light ship and carries a very heavy battery. Thus it would have been the height of folly to have kept a vessel of her peculiar design running before such a heavy sea. Had one of the monstrous combs which from time to time rolled over the Atlanta's and Boston's sterns ever plumped on her main deck it would have gutted her fore and aft.

Arrival in the Tagus.

The heavy and continued rolling on the 13th made things very disagreeable on board the Atlanta. On the morning of the 14th the wind lulled considerably, but before night had fallen it came to blow with renewed violence from the southwest. The night was particularly disagreeable, as a thick fog set in and continued until early on the morning of the 15th. At 6 a. m. of the 15th the Boston made signals to the effect that her boilers needed some slight repairs, and the Chicago and Atlanta slowed down until the repairs were completed. Fog, heavy rain, and a nasty chop to the sea were the principal features of our second Sabbath on the deep. The three succeeding days were scarcely better. At 2 o'clock Saturday morning we sighted Cape Roca light, and at 10 o'clock we were in the Tagus. At 11:30, when the squadron anchored, the Portuguese iron-clad Vasco de Gama saluted the flag of Admiral Walker with thirteen guns, which the Chicago instantly returned.

Uncle Sam May Feel Proud.

Everybody on board the Atlanta feels considerably elated at the magnificent record she has made. Steaming for fourteen successive days with but four boilers and keeping her prescribed position without the slightest hitch, and with sufficient steam bottled up to make an extra knot were she at liberty to do so, it really is not surprising that this elation should be so manifest. The city of Chester, where the entire squadron was built, may well feel proud of her achievements. A set of more seaworthy vessels never put to sea. During the entire run across the Atlantic, and in the face of exceptionally bad weather, they maintained, at half power, an average speed of over nine knots per hour, a remarkable performance, and, it is safe to say, one that has never been equaled by any squadron. The government of the United States may congratulate itself upon the fact that it possesses at least four modern warships, which in design and seaworthiness are the peers of anything of their class afloat.

Reception to Rev. Talmage.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 4.—A public reception was tendered the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn and Mrs. Talmage here Friday by United States Minister Hirsch. Among those present were Minister Hirsch, Consul-General Sweeny, the members of the American College, and many prominent visitors and residents of this city, including a large number of ladies.

Whisky Riot in Iowa.

ELKADOR, Iowa, Jan. 4.—A whisky riot occurred here Friday afternoon. A search had been made under the prohibitory law and the officers were about leaving town when they were fired upon by a crowd of drunken hoodlums who had followed them with a wagon. Several shots were returned by the constable, but as far as known no one was injured.

Comment on Capt. Schaack's Book.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—The Times in its review of Capt. Schaack's book upon the Chicago Anarchists and their doings and history, says that the book must be read with intense interest, not merely in Chicago and the United States, but wherever the frame work of society is menaced by violence from the same forces that were concentrated in that city.

Death of Professor Edwin Nasse.

BERLIN, Jan. 4.—Edwin Nasse, professor of political economy at the University of Bonn, died Saturday. He was an authority on the questions of taxation, banking affairs and finance, but his best known and most valuable work was in the direction of historical research on the question of land tenure. He was 60 years of age.

Failure of Cloak Manufacturers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Schedules in the general assignment of John T. Camp & Co., manufacturers of cloak and dress trimmings, at 22, 24, and 26 Howard street, to Samuel Bolton, show liabilities, $102,948; nominal assets, $41,789, and actual assets, $7,507. The shrinkage in assets is attributed to changes in fashions and bad notes.

Death of a Prince.

PRAGUE, Jan. 4.—Prince Charles William Phillip, of the house of Auersperg, is dead. He had been ill for some time, suffering from inflamation of the lungs.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Grand Army posts at New Orleans are exercised over the organization of a colored post of that order.

The Marquis de Leuville, who was rejected by Mrs. Frank Leslie, has been arrested at London for hiring men to disturb actors in the play "The Gold Craze," being produced at the Princess theater.

English capitalists have invested $305,000,000 in various American industries in the past eighteen months.

Dom Pedro, the deposed emperor of Brazil, is said to be insane in consequence of the loss of his throne and of his wife.

The town of Wardner, Idaho, was almost completely destroyed by fire Saturday.

St. Johns, N. F., in eighteen months has had 2,064 cases of diphtheria and 401 deaths by the same.

Hal Reid, the actor, charges that Agnes Herndon offered him $4,000 and a position for life in her company as leading man if he would desert his wife and elope with her.

The sultan of Turkey has, at the request of the empress of Germany, given consent to the construction of a protestant church at Bethlehem, Palestine.

General Manager Cray, of The Mail and Express, of New York city, kicked into the street Comptroller Harrison, of the same newspaper.

A Gilroy, Cal., debating society has decided that Lady Macbeth was an excellent woman, and was not a party to any of the murders detailed in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth."

A number of people have been made crazy at High Prairie, Kan., as the result of excitement growing out of a powerful religious revival in progress there.

Thirty German sculptors are working on thirty new monuments to Emperor William.

Between twenty-five and thirty families at Waltham, Minn., are suffering from trichiniasis.

At Springfield, Mo., Mike Hayes shot and fatally wounded two negroes named Robbins and Anderson in a street fight.

The Baldwin locomotive works expect during the year 1890 to turn out not less than 1,000 locomotives.

At Tucancue, in Guatemala, the boys in a school recently seized the master and hanged him in the school house. None of the culprits were arrested.

The loss to the King of Belgium by the burning of his palace is $1,000,000. He does not ask his parliament to reimburse him.

Suffocated by Gas.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Lizzie Cunningham, aged 20, of 206 Eighth avenue, and Mary Fallon, aged 22, of 749 Sixth avenue, went to sleep Saturday night in the bedroom of the former and Monday morning Mary was found dead and Lizzie dying from the effects of gas which in some manner had been left turned on but unlighted. Lizzie was taken to the New York hospital.

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—At the lodging house of Mrs. Baker in Kneeland street, Sunday morning, an inmate, aged 50, who had called himself E. O. Campbell, of Montreal, was found dead in bed, having been suffocated by escaping gas, which had been left turned on. From papers found it is thought he was John S. Fuller, of either Brockton or Wareham.

Failure of a Reaper Company.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Jan. 6.—William N. Whiteley & Co., manufacturers of the Whiteley reaper, and who occupied the largest building devoted to the manufacture of agricultural implements in the world, went into the hands of a receiver Saturday. The petition was prayed for by twelve firms, representing an aggregate indebtedness of $65,922. Gen. J. Warren Keifer was appointed receiver and gave bonds in the sum of $50,000.

Manager Norton's Former Wife.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—A private letter from Sydney, Australia, says that Emma Stockman, the actress, formerly the wife of John W. Norton, the St. Louis manager, is playing at a theater in that city under her maiden name. It will be recalled that she eloped from St. Louis with Henry W. Moore, then managing editor of The Post Dispatch. Mr. Norton recently procured a divorce from her.

Heavy Failure in Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 4.—May & Vaughn, wholesale grocers, have filed an application for a respite and made accession of their property to their creditors. Assets, $150,000; liabilities, $155,000.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.

On the board of trade to-day quotations ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 January, opened 78c, closed 77¼c; February, opened —, closed 78¼c; May, opened 8 —, closed 8 —. Corn—No. 2 January, opened 2 —, closed 2 —; February, opened 2 —, closed 2 —; May, opened 1 —, closed 1 —. Oats—No. 2 January, opened and closed 20 —; February, opened —, closed 20 —. Pork—January, opened and closed $9.2; February, opened and closed $9.30; May, opened and closed $9.65. Lard—January, opened and closed $5.77½.

Live Stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened rather easy later now active and firm; prices unchanged; light grades, $3.55@3.80; rough packing, $3.50@3.55; mixed lots, $3.55@3.75; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.60@3.80.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 28@27c ₩ lb; finest dairy, 18@20c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 17@17½c ₩ doz.; ice house, 14@16c. Live poultry—Hens, 7@8c ₩ lb; turkeys, 9@10; ducks, 9@10; geese, $4.50@5.00 ₩ doz. Potatoes—Beauty of Hebron, 38@40c ₩ bu. on track; common and mixed lots, 25@30c. Apples—Good to fancy, $1.25@2.50 ₩ bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin, $8.05@8.75 per box.

New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 87c cash; do January, 86c; do February, 87½c; do May, 89½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 40c cash; do January, 39½c; do February, 38¾c; do May, 39¾c. Oats—Dull but steady; No. 2 mixed, 28½c cash; do January, 28¾c; do February, 29c; do March, 27½c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $10.25@10.50 for inspected. Lard—Dull; January, $6.13; February, $6.18.

Live Stock—Cattle—Trading fairly active; native steers, $3.85@5.15 ₩ 100 lbs; oxen, $2.75@4.50; bulls and cows, $2.00@3.75. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep, firm; $4.2 @6.25 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, easier; $5.50@6.75. Hogs—Steady; nominal range, $3.9 @4.25 ₩ 100 lbs.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 6.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 76½@76c. May, 78½c; No. 1 northern, 80c. Corn—Quiet; No. 3 on track, 27½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white on track, 22c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 44½c. Barley—Dull; No. 2 in store, 46½c.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 6.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 78c; May, 81½c; July, 77½c. Corn—Lower; cash 25½c; February, 25½c; May, 27½c. Oats—Weak; cash, 19½c; May, 21½@21¾c. Pork—Dull; jobbing, $9.62½. Lard—Dull. Whisky—Steady; $1.02.

Detroit.

DETROIT, Jan. 6.

Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 79½c; No. 2 red cash and January, 81½c; February, 82c; May, 85c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash and January, 33c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 23½c; No. 2 white cash, 25c.

Good for every woman's need,
Whatsoe'er her clime or creed,
English, Yankee, Turk, or Swede,
Moslem, Spanish or Egyptian;
Known in every land and tongue,
Friend to women, old and young,
Round the world its praise is sung.—
"Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in composition and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon; being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus, or womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

It is the only medicine for the cure of all those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, of giving satisfaction in *every case* or price ($1.00) will be promptly refunded. See *guarantee* printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

For a Book of 160 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent sealed in plain envelope) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main-St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

SIZE OF PELLETS.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets

PURELY VEGETABLE!

PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

Unequaled as a LIVER PILL.

Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take.

One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

POISON IN THE COFFEE.

A Mother and Son Dead and Two Other Persons Made Sick.

JOLIET, Ills., Jan. 3.—The farm of John Dall, an unmarried German farmer living near Mokena, was the scene Wednesday of a case of wholesale poisoning. Dall was a single man, living with his mother, Mrs. Amelia Dall, aged 70 years, and connected with the household were a hired man named Shafer and a girl named Mina Schenck. New Year's day the girl prepared dinner, and when the coffee was served and tasted each member of the family noticed that it had a strong, bitter taste. The stuff was thrown away and a new lot made. This was also bad, but not to such an extent as to prevent the family from partaking freely of it. Soon after dinner they all became alarmingly sick.

Took an Antidote.

The hired man and the girl at once drank a quantity of fresh milk. This caused vomiting and saved their lives. Mr. Dall refused to touch the milk. Mrs. Dall died after a few hours of excruciating pain, and Wednesday evening John Dall breathed his last, after suffering intense agony. Chester Marshall, a near neighbor, was called to the house by the hired man, and started for a doctor, who arrived too late to save the lives of the Dalls. The doctor was unable to tell the nature of the poisoning. There are rumors of foul play. It is learned Mr. Dall said just before he died that he suspected a man named Shafer of having poisoned them.

Looks Bad for Shafer.

Shafer had been in his employ. Dall and Miss Schenck, the hired girl, were engaged to be married. Shafer was a rival of Dall. A deputy sheriff has just arrived here with John Shafer in custody, and the prisoner is now in jail, charged with poisoning the Dall family. It appears from later developments that Mina Schenck was not the hired girl, but the affianced wife of Dall, and her testimony before the coroner's jury was such that a search was instituted for the man Shafer, who was arrested on the streets of Mokena. Upon being searched a razor was found on his person, with which he attempted to kill himself.

TWO BRIDGE ACCIDENTS.

One Occurs in Massachusetts and the Other in Alabama.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 3.—The fifth span of the new iron bridge which is being built between Holyoke and South Hadley Falls was blown down at about 10 o'clock Friday morning and one of the workmen named Maurice Driscoll, of Eaglebringe, N. Y., was killed. Two other men who were at work on the bridge were injured. Driscoll was on top of the truss on the north side when it went over and was carried down with the iron work into the river seventy feet below. He was probably killed before striking the water. A workman named McCloskey was rescued from the river after the accident, being found hanging to one of the stringers of the bridge. About thirty men were at work on the span but as soon as the trusses began to settle they were given warning and all but the three mentioned escaped to other spans. Some pedestrians and carriages had very narrow escapes.

Killed by a Falling Trestle.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 4.—An unfinished trestle on the Brierfield, Blocton and Birmingham railroad fell Thursday morning, carrying down twenty-five carpenters who were at work on the structure. David J. Webb and Carl Clark were killed, and twenty others injured. A number of the men received broken legs, arms, or ribs, and several of the injured may die. The place where the accident occurred is forty miles from this city, and only the names of the killed have been learned. The accident was caused by the foundation of the trestle not being properly secured.

Kansas Legislators Under a Cloud.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—A special to The Sun from Topeka, Kan., says: A sensation was caused in the district court here Monday when F. P. Fuller, secretary of the defunct Home Insurance company, testified that the Hon. F. E. Gillett, state senator from Kingman county, and the Hon. R. Burton, representative from Dickinson county, had been paid sums ranging from $400 to $600 to influence legislation during the last session of the legislature. By order of Judge Gultine this concern went into the hands of a receiver some time ago, but Mr. Fuller refused to turn over certain books. When brought before the court it was found the books contained records of the above transaction. Gillette and Burton are among the best known Kansas politicians.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

WAUSAU, Wis., Jan. 3.—Herman Friedrichs, a German about 21 years of age, called upon Bertha Erdman in the town of Stettin Thursday afternoon and asked him to marry him. She refused, and he drew a revolver and shot her in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound. As she fell to the ground Friedrichs shot himself in the head, making a frightful wound, from which he cannot recover. No one was present at the time of the shooting, but a crowd was quickly attracted by a sound of the shots, and medical aid was at once summoned. The doctors say there is no hope that either of the victims will survive.

A Great Cigarette Combine.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 4.—It is authoritatively announced that Allen & Ginter have sold their extensive cigarette works at Richmond and their factories elsewhere to a syndicate of New York and English capitalists. The new company has $25,000,000 capital. All the leading cigarette manufacturers in this country have been forced into the gigantic concern. Even the firm which manufactures machinery for the making of cigarettes was gobbled up.

Did Business on Forged Labels.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 4.—A warrant was sworn out Thursday by T. F. Cunningham, of New York, for the arrest of Fred, Louis and S. Strauss, doing business as the Globe Liquor Company at 16 Commerce street, this city, for forging Angostura Bitters labels. On searching their establishment the constable found a complete outfit of forged labels of various kinds. Fred Strauss has been arrested and gave $500 bond.

Mr. Powderly Ill.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—General Master Workman T. V. Powderly was taken suddenly ill Saturday at the Windsor hotel with a complicated case of influenza and quinsy. Dr. Cooper was called in, and after examing the patient ordered that the should be sent home to Scranton and be placed under charge of his regular physician.

Ohio Legislature Meets.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 6.—The Sixty ninth general assembly convened Monday, the Democratic caucus nominees for the various positions being elected and the seats drawn, after which the governor's message was read.

They Made a Splendid Board.

Bagley—Well, old man, I'll expect you to-night.

Bailey—I'll be there.

Bagley—Oh, by the bye, if you don't mind you might wear your new trousers, and we can have a game of chess.—Judge.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice. Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 11, 1890

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Stuart Robson.

McVICKER'S THEATER,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Charles Wyndham.

COLUMBIA THEATER,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Salvini.

HOOLEY'S THEATER,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herr Ernst Possart.

HAYMARKET THEATER,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Kellar.

HAVLIN'S THEATER,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—George Wilson's Minstrels.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRELAND, ENGLAND AND PARNELL.

The news from Ireland continues to be bad. Evictions are either being projected or carried out everywhere in the island. It is a horrible condition of affairs, but little or nothing can be done to check it, at present. The landlords are waging a fierce war against the people and the Tory government is lending them all the aid, moral, material, and military, at its disposal. Balfour, notwithstanding his cruel policy, remains popular in England, and even Scotland, during his recent visit, left nothing undone to prove her appreciation of his course. In fact she greeted him as a favorite son.

Mr. Gladstone remains hopeful of a change of some kind, but there are few signs in the heavens or on the earth to indicate a moral revolution in Great Britain. The everlasting "grind" of centuries is being kept up with never tiring industry, and the "Irish enemy," under the alleged civilized sway of Victoria, is being exterminated from the land the same as in the iron days of Strongbow and of Sidney. There is a difference of manner, but not of result. And, meanwhile, Irishmen, calling themselves nationalists, are not ashamed to drink the Queen of England's health in Dublin.

The English radicals, disgusted by the vote of the Irish party in favor of the recent "royal grants," have begun to show their teeth, as, indeed, is only natural. They were willing, before that vote was given, to stand aside and let Home Rule take first place on the floor of commons but they are that way disposed no longer. Now, they are going to fight for reforms in England and the Irish question is, by them, relegated to the rear

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Gladstone advised the Irish members to sustain the royal grants, so odious to the British democracy. Nothing could have been, in our opinion, more unwise. If the Irish really meant to remain friendly with the English radical party they took a very peculiar way of showing it. They are now under Mr. Gladstone's control, and, with all due respect to the old gentleman, THE CITIZEN thinks that neither he, nor any other Englishman, should guide the Irish party. The latter committed a cardinal mistake when it ceased to be independent in its policy. The old fire would seem to have died out of it. The speeches delivered by Irish members on the floor of the house are as tame and dull as those made by the English members themselves, which is saying a great deal. They have fallen into the regular parliamentary rut, doubtless because they believe they can effect nothing anyhow, and, therefore, spare themselves the exertion of getting mad about anything. In the days when Parnell, Biggar, O'Connor and Healy used to set the house in a roar, Ireland had some consideration, even from the Tories, but now all is changed. Of course the cloture adopted for the purpose of squelching the Irish party, renders obstruction more difficult, but it cannot entirely suppress it. A good sized row occasionally would be better than the intense stagnation which now prevails in Anglo-Irish politics.

Meanwhile, the poor houses are filling up rapidly with the evicted, and there is a constant stream of emigration to this country, Canada and Australia from all the leading seaports. Boats, too, laden to the gunwales with the best produce of the land, sold to pay rent to the landlords, sail out every day for England, and the Irish emigrants, driven from their country by hardship and want, are mocked by the spectacle of the very wealth they themselves created going out before their longing eyes to feed foreigners.

Well, well—there may have been countries as unfortunate as Ireland, but history does not show the record. When Macaulay called Ireland "the most unfortunate of nations" he said about the only true thing of her in all his History of England.

The clouds are very black, and very low in the sky indeed, but the hope of the old island and the old race is apparently invincible. While the brave old nation looks on in painful suspense, while its chosen leader is subjected to the scorpion lash of English legal procedure, instigated by the London *Times* and the Salisbury government, which failed to ruin Parnell before the commission "trial," it is still evident that even the moral fall of that leader would not damp her ardor in the cause of national independence. It is creditable to Ireland, Catholic as she mainly is, jealously moral in the domestic and nuptial relations as she unquestionably is, to judge the man who has tried to serve her charitably and loyally. She will not, although guiltless in the national sense, cast the first stone at her persecuted benefactor. The world will not think the less of Ireland for her superb display of affectionate magnanimity.

THE CITIZEN, while it has never entirely agreed with Mr. Parnell's idea of English alliance in politics, has ever conceded to him honesty of purpose, and a sincere wish to better the miserable social and political condition of the Irish masses. It is profoundly sorry for the mortifications that have visited him of late from many directions, and it ardently hopes that he will come out of the London fog of that miserable divorce suit, brought by the renegade O'Shea, morally triumphant. His victory would also be a victory for the Irish race the world over. Ireland's enslavement began with an elopement—McMurrough, whose lineal descendant, marked horribly by the hand of God, died in Wexford the other day, ran away, as the world knows, with the wife of O'Ruare of Breffni. The latter was a man of action. He purposed punishing McMurrough in good old Irish fashion, not by the process of divorce courts, which did not exist in those days. McMurrough appealed to Henry II, Strongbow and Fitzstephen. The rest is known—

There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen
Who had dared but to wrong thee in thought!
While now, O, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country must bleed for thy shame.

Perhaps this persecution of Parnell may be "the red dawn of the day" of Ireland's deliverance. Mrs. O'Shea is an Englishwoman. If Parnell's relations with her are shown to have been proper, as THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes they will be, what a reaction in favor of Ireland would set in! How triumphantly all of us could then say

On our side is Virtue and Erin!
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt!

This reminds us that James V, of Scotland, when dying, heard the wailing of his newly born daughter, and only child, the future Mary, Queen of Scots. He asked the attendants whether the infant was a boy and they replied in the negative. "'Tis well," said he, and, referring to the Stewart inheritance of the Scottish crown by the marriage of the founder of that ill-fated dynasty with the heiress of the House of Bruce—"It came wi' a lass; 'twill gang wi' a lass!" Prophetic words! Ireland, too, may be able to say, before many years go by, "My misfortunes began with a woman—they have ended with a woman!"

THE ACCUSED LEADER AND THE BISHOPS.

THE CITIZEN presents to its readers today the full text of the very able speech delivered recently by Mr. Parnell, at Nottingham, England. The deliverance made so favorable an impression on the English people that the Tory government found it necessary to spring a counter-blast immediately. And so, sure enough, the pliable Capt. O'Shea began his divorce proceedings against his wife, with the Irish leader as co respondent! Whatever the issue of the divorce suit, Salisbury's trick is apparent. The slow fuse of Capt. O'Shea's wounded "honor," according to even his own statement, took several years to burn down to the powder in the bombshell! What a fitting tool for English governamental methods toward Ireland!

Mr. Parnell has directed his attorneys to lose no time in bringing the trial to an issue. This, of itself, is a good indication. Michael Davitt, who is not entirely in line with Parnell on public affairs, declares, in his usual frank and courageous way, his strong belief in Mr. Parnell's innocence. The Irish members of parliament, and leading Irishmen outside of them, have expressed themselves to the same effect. The Catholic hierarchy keep prudently quiet, and their future policy toward Mr. Parnell will be guided entirely by the result of the trial. The English papers are already claiming that they will throw Parnell over, or else withdraw entirely from any connection with the Irish national movement.

Of course everybody knows that the Irish Bishops, as directors of faith and morals, could not sanction Parnell's leadership, if he should be found guilty as charged. There would have to be a thorough re-organization of the Irish party. The Irish bishops of to-day, as a majority, are good enough patriots, but it is doubtful whether their active participation in Irish politics has a good effect in England. It certainly has not in Ulster. As for the people of the other provinces they would be patriotic even though, as in other times, most of the bishops were not so. Mr. Parnell was himself the man who called them into the national ranks. Now that they are in, their influence is a factor not to be despised, and if they are compelled to declare against Parnell morally, which we hope they will not be, the effect upon his future career would be most disastrous to his fortunes. But, under any circumstances, this is no time for Ireland or the Irish race to "go back on" Parnell. Let us refrain from giving comfort to the enemy.

JUDGE J. C. KNICKERBOCKER.

This community, without distinction of class, creed, race or condition, has been plunged into mourning by the awfully sudden death of the Hon. Joshua C. Knickerbocker, judge of the probate court of Cook county. He was, apparently, in the prime of life and in remarkable good health, when death came unexpectedly upon him at the Calumet club last Sunday morning. He was engaged in a game of billiards with a friend the previous evening, when he was stricken with paralysis and never rallied from the shock. The Judge was only 53 years old, and looked very much younger. His public career was a model of manly dignity and incorruptibility. He was the stern guardian of the rights of the widow and the orphan, and it is perfectly safe to assert that the business of no probate court in the United States was conducted in a better manner than that of his tribunal. The people all felt safe with Judge Knickerbocker, and his early death is justly regarded as a public calamity. The funeral services, held in the Second Presbyterian church on Tuesday, were very largely attended, and most of the older citizens of Chicago were among the audience. The Judge left behind him no immediate family, but his brother, the Hon. J. J. Knickerbocker, is among the prominent men of the city. The consensus of public opinion is that no juster Judge than J. C. Knickerbocker ever sat on any bench.

"HAIL COLUMBIA."

The *Independent American*, Creston, Ia., of date Jan. 2, says: "We do not believe the actions of the Chicago press in their general clamor for blood, as exhibited in the anarchist cases, and in the Cronin cases, is any credit to journalism in general or to the Chicago press in particular. That great crimes were committed and that the perpetrators of those crimes, should, after being proven guilty, receive the most severe punishments known to the law, will not be questioned by any one, but the Chicago papers have done more than denounce these criminals. From the time arrests were made these papers cried for the blood of the arrested parties without waiting for a trial. They tried and convicted the prisoners and demanded their deaths before even a jury was impaneled. They cried out for vengeance more than justice, and worked public sentiment up to a point where these men must be tried by a tribunal that came nearer being an infuriated mob than a deliberative court of justice. Such journalism is simply barbaric. The atrocity of the Cronin crime was such that justified its denunciation in the severest language, but suspected culprits have a right to a fair, honest and impartial trial by a jury not inflamed by passion or swayed by public clamor. After such passes judgment, after the prisoners are convicted beyond the possibility of a doubt, then, and not till then, should the press clamor for blood. In our opinion the action of the Chicago press has been simply disgraceful."

MR. JAMES J. HEALY, who was elected president of the Chicago Veteran Union League during several terms, declined to be a candidate for re election, and Mr. D. W. Clark was elected in his stead. Mr. Healy proved himself to be a very able executive, and he has, by energy and ability, built the league up to its present enviable condition. Mr. Clark is a man of affairs, and will do his duty to the satisfaction of all concerned.

THE tenant shop keepers of Tipperary town have revolted against the tyranny of their landlord, Smith Barry. Mr. Labouchere, speaking of their conduct in *Truth*, says: "As for the people of Tipperary, they have indeed immortalized themselves. What it really comes to is this, that sooner than knock under to Smith Barry, they are willing to let their town be pulled down, and to erect a new one beyond the exterminator's reach. I confess for my part that I was not prepared for so much patriotism and self-sacrifice on the part of well-to-do and comfortable shop keepers, who, all the world over, are, generally speaking, easy-going men, not at all prompt to thrust themselves into the van of battle, more especially for other people's advantage; the only similar case that I know of is when the Dutch resolved to leave their homes in Holland, and betake themselves to Batavia, rather than yield to Louis XIV."

MR. KIRK EASTMAN has been elected commander of U. S. Grant Post 28, G. A. R. Mr. Eastman served with distinguished gallantry during the war and is highly deserving of the great honor bestowed upon him. He will make an admirable officer.

PARNELL'S POLICY.

He Outlines it, with his Usual Frankness, in his Speech at Nottingham.

He Professes "Loyalty" to "the Empire," and Criticises Grattan's Parliament.

Westminster Having Failed, During Ninety Years, to Govern Ireland, the Latter Must Govern Herself.

IN THE ALBERT HALL

In the evening Mr. Parnell addressed a crowded meeting in the Albert Hall. Mr. Alderman Gripper took the Chair, and he was supported by Mr. Arnold Morley, M. P.; Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M. P; Mr. Jacoby, M. P.; Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q. C.; Bishop Bagshawe, and many of the leading Liberals of the town. The first proceeding was the presentation by Mr John Sharkey, President of the Nottingham Branch of the National League, of an address. An address was also presented on behalf of the Southern Division of the Notts Women's Liberal Association by Lady Turney. The chairman spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the audience to Mr. Parnell, and them moved—"That this meeting of Nottingham citizens offers a hearty welcome to Charles Stewart Parnell, Esq., M. P., on his first visit to this town, and expresses the hope that his untiring efforts for the emancipation of our fellow subjects in Ireland, and the establishment there of a parliament to conduct all local and internal legislation, will soon be brought to a successful issue." Sir J. Turney seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, on rising to reply, met with a most enthusiastic reception, the vast audience cheering and waving handkerchiefs. He said—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, I need hardly assure you that the reception with which you have honored me will rank among those which I shall chiefly treasure during my life (cheers) Believe me, such greetings as yours will do more to keep the Irish people within the Constitution (hear, hear), and the rash ones from the perpetration of crime, than all the twenty years of coercion that Lord Salisbury (hisses) promised when he was last among you. We have had three years of his coercion (shame). We have had six centuries of it before he came, administered by much stronger men than Lord Salisbury. Lord Salisbury has given us too little coercion. He ought to have given us more or none at all (laughter). I have never argued that it is impossible to govern Ireland by pure coercion any more than it is impossible to govern any other country by pure coercion (hear, hear); but I have always maintained that you cannot simultaneously rule by coercion and under a parliamentary system. If you established a pure despotism and took away the Irish representation, and went on for twenty or thirty years administering equal justice to all classes, then perhaps you might succeed. If the Irish landlords were controlled with a firm hand outside the law and the Constitution, while the moonlighters of Kerry were equally controlled, that would be equal justice, and that might succeed. But you cannot succeed by the kind of mixture that is going on in Ireland at present under Mr. Balfour.

MR. BALFOUR'S MISTAKES.

Now, the present Chief Secretary is reckoned by some of his supporters to be a very able man. I am supposed to think as one who has not taken part in this struggle in Ireland since Mr. Balfour went there, that he made about as many and as large mistakes as it was possible for any one to make in the time (cheers). He made the first mistake—he and his government between them—when he rejected the bill for the relief of Irish tenants, which I had the honor to bring before the house of commons in the autumn of 1886. He made the second mistake in the following session, when, after having being forced by the plan of campaign (three cheers for the plan) to bring forward a bill modelled on the lines of mine rejected in the session before, he left out all provision for the arrears and the restoration of evicted tenants (hear, hear). And that omission has been the cause of all the noise and turmoil and confusion that has existed in Ireland from that day to this (hear, hear). The tenants who are given the reduction of their future rents under the provision of the message were left to stagger along under a vast load of unreduced arrears.

CONSEQUENCE OF THE MISTAKES.

The tenants who had been evicted from their holdings because they found it impossible to pay their rents before the act of 1887, were left without the protection of that act, and one of the causes of the great new organization which has sprung into existence in Ireland within the past few weeks, and which will sweep Mr. Balfour and his props away like chaff before a whirlwind (cheers), were those two omissions from the act of 1887. I was most anxious personally that the land question in Ireland should not be thus exasperated. I was most anxious that the tenants should not have been combined into a resisting force. I know the dangers of such a movement; but I have ever hoped that these dangers will not accompany the present movement. I was anxious to rely upon the legislature and the promises of the Tory party at the hustings in 1886 that they intended to legislate justly for Ireland from Westminster. I appealed to the government in the house of commons in 1887 to admit these evicted tenants within the provisions of the act of 1887, and to make some reasonable provision for the reduction of the arrears, as was done in the case of the Scotch crofters (hear, hear). I encouraged them to do this by holding out the prospect that they would be richly rewarded in the improved condition of Ireland.

THE REWARD OF FOLLY.

They would have been richly rewarded, and they were fools enough, after having been disposed for a while to give ear to what I said, to listen to a deputation of Irish landlords who came over and told Lord Salisbury that he must not concede anything to us. They were fools enough, and they have reaped the reward in the destruction of their policy and the failure of their government. The Irish tenants, many of them admitted to the benefits of the act of 1887, declined to abandon the men who had won the act for them, and justly so (cheers). Just as in this country one set of workmen will stand by another set (cheers), even though they have no grievance of their own (hear), so in Ireland the tenants have learned to stand by their weaker brethren (renewed cheers), and to insist that if justice is done to one justice shall be done to all.

PURE VENGEANCE.

And so for the want of a half-penny-worth of tar Lord Salisbury has lost his sheep (laughter and cheers). My reluctance to promote the formation of another great agrarian movement was not of necessity overcome. I could not see the men of these estates left to be ground among the landlords, the emergencymen and the government (hear, hear). It was pure vengeance, and nothing else, that prevected these men from having the same rights as the remainder of the tenantry of the country. It was pure vindictiveness, The government recognized that they had been compelled to do in 1887 what they had refused to do in 1886, and they turned upon these tenantry upon the Ponsonby and other estates who had been evicted before the passing of the act of 1887, and they said, "We shall exterminate you;" but their fellow-tenants in Ireland have said, "Be of good heart, my brethren, we will not allow you to be hurt (cheers). We shall form ourselves into an organization which will stand foot to foot with the landlord conspiracy; and we shall put down our money, and we shall put down the government and the land lord conspiracy. We shall meet the conspiracy with its own weapons, and we shall beat it."

A POWERFUL MOVEMENT.

The result has been that this new movement, although only just commenced, promises to be the greatest, the most powerful, and the most peaceful movement that has ever been in Ireland or in any other country. All this is simply due to the wonderful ability of Mr. Balfour and his government (laughter). He has everything in his favor except his own folly and stupidity. Owing to the revival of your trade the prices of Irish agricultural produce had risen considerably, and the lot of the Irish tenantry had become a more tolerable one. Nothing was necessary but to avoid irritating and bullying the people, to avoid driving these poor wretches, who had been cast out of the benefits of the act of 1887, into a corner, and to give to them the same rights the tenantry throughout Ireland had. But with all their firmness and cleverness they could not do this simple thing. The result, as I told you, is that there is now a movement in Ireland which Balfour will not be able to defeat, but which will defeat him (cheers), and there is a situation of affairs in that country, entirely brought about by his own folly, which utterly prevents him or his government from boasting that they have governed Ireland well, or that they have succeeded in pacifying that country.

TRANQUIL BUT UNSETTLED

Now, Ireland, it is true, is tranquil and free from crime, but she is not at ease; she does not submit to the government; she is not governed by her own consent. On the contrary, the reversion of the government methods and measures has been intensified tenfold during these three years of coercion; and if Ireland is tranquil and free from crime, the credit is not due to the firm government and coercion of Mr. Balfour. The credit is due to your great leader, Mr. Gladstone (loud and prolonged cheering), and to the Liberal party, who, by their sacrifices in leaving office in 1886, in allowing their ranks to be more than decimated at the general election, in giving up the prospect of place and power, of government for many years, have shown the Irish people that they can sacrifice a great deal for their sakes (cheers), and have persuaded them that the time is coming in the near future when Mr. Gladstone, returned to power, will give them that power of dealing with their own affairs which can be granted without injury to your greater and more important interests. This is something to be proud of. To anyone who knows how, ten short years ago, how little the great mass of the people of Ireland trusted to any constitutional action, it is a great consolation to reflect that hereafter you will be able to say—"I helped—we helped—to win Ireland to the constitution" (cheers). Mr. Parnell here briefly touched upon the capital and labor question in England, and then proceeded to speak of the threats of

THE LOYAL MINORITY.

He said: You are told that the loyal minority will take up arms against us. First of all, we are to take up arms against the British Government and then the loyal minority is to take up arms against both of us, and, according to Col. Sanderson to beat both of us (laughter). This talk is all nonsense. The Protestants of Ireland are no more hot headed and foolish people than any other people in the world. The loyal minority do not all live in Belfast; only some of them, and only some Belfastmen are foolish Orange men (laughter). The great majority of the Protestants of Ireland are just as sensible as you are, and they are not going to break their heads against a stone wall merely because the Irish legislature showers benefits upon them, which it certainly would do. The Protestant farmers of Ireland have not this fear of home rule which is attributed to them for political purposes. My own opinion of them is that the matter does not trouble them very much, and that, like sensible men, they will see that their interests lie with the rest of the country; and they certainly won't call out before they are hurt; and if they were hurt, then it could be said by the Protestants of Ireland that home rule had failed, and that the Irish people were incapable of self government. But that has not been their reputation. The Catholics of Ireland—and I speak as a Protestant (hear, hear)—have not been, and are not, intolerant or bigoted. I regret to say that there has been too much of it on the other side. And they, having suffered in the past, are not the men to destroy their own future by doing that which would bring upon them the indignation of the English people.

A STORM IN A TEACUP.

Say these men, "we are arming these Orangemen in the north of Ireland, and if the Imperial Parliament and the Queen dare to give legislative rights to Ireland, we will oppose the forces of the crown by armed insurrection" (laughter). Why, their armed insurrection would be a storm in a teacup. They would be surrounded and their arms taken from them the first moment they took the field, and they would be sent back sadder and wiser men, to look after their own business in Belfast. I know that the people of Great Britain, as a whole, are in favor of Mr. Gladstone and of home rule (cheers); and once they are convinced that in no other way can Ireland be justly governed, it is not the tin trumpet and the drums of the Orangemen of Belfast that will frighten them out of it (cheers).

LOWERING THE FLAG.

Now, there is another argument used, "that we are lowering the flag in accepting Mr. Gladstone's proposals." This is used by the Tory party. They ask us to remember our history, while in one and the same breath they say we have no history. They remind us of the glories of Grattan's parliament, and they say, "Are Irishmen going to give up their national birthright of Grattan's parliament for this contemptible mess of pottage?" Grattan's parliament was what we asked for, because we had historical precedent for it; but I have no hesitation in saying that there is a danger of friction and mischief contained in Grattan's parliament which is not contained in the measure of 1886 (cheers). Grattan's parliament gave us power to separate action in Imperial matters—a most dangerous power (hear, hear), and a power which we abused in those days. For instance, the supplies for the army and navy were voted separately by the Irish parliament; an Irish Mutiny act was also passed distinct from the English Mutiny act; and the Irish parliament could refuse to vote the forces of Ireland for the purpose either of England or for foreign wars. They could take all this separate action, and it was a danger to the integrity of the empire, and also led to friction.

THE REGENCY QUESTION.

They refused to recognize the Regent when he was appointed. That was one of the reasons why the constitution of 1782 was taken away and union brought about, but, on the other hand, that constitution was deficient in most important provisions regarding our own business, which are present in the proposals now before us. Under the constitution of 1782 the ministers were appointed by the crown; they held office at the pleasure of the majority of parliament. That was to say, the constitutional peerage was carried out in its integrity and completeness, instead of waiving that theory, as it has been waived in England, which has insensibly taken place from century to century and from year to year. So we had this power of separate action of a dangerous character to the empire, but we had not the power to appoint a minister to look after the agriculture of Ireland, or look after the internal affairs of Ireland in the development of the industries of the country.

THE BILL OF 1886.

Well, now, I confess I prefer, for the advantage of Ireland, the modifications and alterations suggested in 1886 to the hard and fast system of 1782 (cheers.) I think the teaching of experience has been adopted in the framing of the act of 1886. The dangers and pitfalls of the constitution have been avoided; but all that is necessary for our benefit and the power to control our own domestic affairs has been taken out of the constitution, and everything dangerous to your interests and the integrity of the empire has been rejected. That is my answer to those who say that we are lowering the flag of our country, because we have met you and waived our strict rights—waived them where those strict rights are not necessary to the advantages of our country, and because we say, and say loyally, that if this system is adopted it will result in the permanent union of the two countries, in the strengthening of this great empire, and in the happiness and prosperity of our own country (loud cheers.)

ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Now, the imperial parliament after the Union might have legislated for Ireland justly. They might have taught her to believe that from Westminster justice could come to our country. But did they? No. They lost their opportunity just as Mr. Balfour lost his in 1887, just as every government lost it from 1800 up to the present day (hear, hear). They were always too late. The loyal minority in Ireland prevented them from legislating justly for Ireland in time. How many years did it take after the Union before Catholic emancipation was granted? It took thirty years. It was not yielded because it was right; it was only yielded because the English minister told the king that the peace of Ireland could not be maintained unless it was granted. The attempts of Irish land reform in 1833 were rejected. They asked very little, some slight recognition of the tenants' rights to sell his interest; but that was too much for the parliament at Westminster, and it was refused. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone, with great difficulty, carried a land act. He could not do anything better at that time. Things went from bad to worse. The Irish landlords were allowed to coerce their tenants out of the provisions of the act of 1870. Then came the crisis of 1879. We all knew the history of the land act of 1880, the Compensation for Disturbance of Tenants bill—how that little bill which, if it had been passed, would have prevented all the terrible troubles of 1880 and 1881—that bill was thrown out upon the first reading by the house of lords.

MR FORSTER AND THE LORDS.

I recollect Mr. Forster—ah, Mr. Forster ought to have told the house of lords to govern Ireland themselves—he ought not to have held office for a single moment after the rejection of the bill. I recollect his coming up to a group of us Irish members in Palace yard after the rejection of that bill, and saying to us, pointing with his thumb over in the direction of the house of lords, "If they do that again I shall leave them to govern Ireland by themselves." (Cries of "End them.") But I know too well that the rejection of that bill would put the situation in Ireland beyond either Mr. Forster's control or the control of any other man, and that it would be too late next year to talk about a Compensation for Disturbance bill. And so it was. The agrarian revolution in Ireland had gathered strength and weight. The people had consolidated themselves into a great organization, and parliament then commenced to understand something about

the Irish land question: and instead of a small Compensation for Disturbance bill we had a great measure of land reform.

DEFECTS IN THE ACT OF '81.

We know how, although that act was passed in 1881, there are to this day many thousands of Irish tenants who have never been able, owing to the block in the courts and the imperfection of machinery, to come under its beneficial provisions. Coercion has always been swift to strike, but remedial legislation from Westminster has always been slow, halting in its steps, and disappointing in its results, and too late when it does come. We pointed out the imperfections of that act, the absence of provision for arrears, the non-inclusion of the leaseholders, the failure to make judicial rent date from the date of the application. A tenant may make his application in 1881 under that act, and he would have to go on paying the old rent until the present day if it had not been for the act of 1887, which altered the matter, and various other things. It was felt that the act could not get through the lords if anything more was added to it, although the justice of our contentions was admitted. Mr. Gladstone's powerful government had to bow to the force of circumstances, received the bill back from the house of lords in an incomplete and ineffectual condition. Mr. Balfour was boasting the other day that he knew that the act of 1887 had brought in the leaseholders and made judicial rent date from the date of its application; but he forgot to tell you that the words, the very words of these provisions were taken from the bill which I framed in Kilmainham jail in 1881. (Cheers) And we had to wait all the time from the end of 1881 up to the end of 1887 before we could get these modifications and improvements, important as they are, and affecting such large and important classes in Ireland.

IT IS HOPELESS TO LOOK TO WESTMINSTER.

Well, I think I have shown you sufficiently well that it is hopeless to look to Westminster (hear, hear), inasmuch as eighty years' experience has shown that a parliament at Westminster is unable or unwilling to pay attention to the wants of Ireland—it is time to give us the power to pay attention to them ourselves. And we are confident that we shall get that power (renewed cheers). We recognise for the first time that we are within the constitution, and that within the constitution we are sure of victory. Our people could never really feel this before. When I was commencing the foundation of my party movement in 1877 I used to preach this to them, and yet I could not help admitting to myself all the time—"Well, these people really have no reason to believe in the faith which I have, but which it is difficult—impossible—for me to ask them to believe."

A CHANGE.

But they believe with me in Ireland now. They believe that all things will come to them peacefully and will come soon (hear, hear), and in that confidence they are willing to suffer without harboring feelings of vengeance against their tormentors, for the system of government in Ireland is a system of torture (shame); and I have every confidence that they will continue in that frame of mind, and that they will reward the magnificent exertions which you here have made, exertions which are re echoed back from every part of England (cheers). By continuing their peaceful agitation, by refusing to allow their great movement to be stained by crime (cheers), they will be richly rewarded by the result in a peaceful Ireland, and a prosperous Ireland, one which will no longer be a discredit to you, but a sister nation which will assist you to the utmost of her ability in maintaining your great interests wherever the flag of England flies (cheers). And just as you have relied in the past upon the valor of Irish soldiers on many a hard-fought field, so these poor men will know that when they die in your service in the future, their homes are saved and that their wives and little ones are saved from the ruthless hand of the exterminator (cheers); that they will no longer be rewarded by the destruction of their roof trees, but with their country safe, their children safe, and the prosperity of Ireland assured for the future. That is the confidence that I have in them. I believe it is a confidence which is shared by everyone of us. You were taken unawares at the last general election, you had not the time to grasp the situation, but it is time that you did not believe every lie that was told you. You are sufficiently instructed upon every merit of that question, and you have made up your minds (cheers), and all we want now is

THE OPPORTUNITY

(cheers). We are not in a hurry for the opportunity. If they like to go on for two or three years longer it will be much the worse for themselves; but we should be glad to have it to morrow, and whenever it comes we are ready. I now desire to say that I shall carry a message from you to my countrymen of hope and good cheer (cheers). This great meeting will encourage them, and it will consolidate them in the belief that justice will be done to them (cheers). All we want is that our people shall remain steady, and that you shall remain steady, and we feel convinced that the great Liberal party, who have never yet lost a battle, will win and win triumphantly, headed by our glorious leader, in this coming great contest (loud and prolonged cheers).

Mr. Arnold Morley, M. P., moved a resolution thanking Mr. Parnell for his address.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M P., in seconding the resolution, said they were that night honored by the presence of one who would be the first Prime Minister of Ireland (loud cheers). The resolution, having been supported by Mr. J Fletcher Moulton, Q C., Liberal candidate for South Nottingham, was carried unanimously with loud cheering.

"Three cheers for Mr. O'Brien" were called for and given.

REPLY TO THE VOTE.

Mr. Parnell said: Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know how to tell you how much I thank you for your reception to-night. Mr. Parnell then went on to speak of the *Times* Commission. He said: At the beginning of this business we were told the government had no connection with the *Times*, but yet the other day the Attorney General said, when the history came to be written, it would be seen that the government had nothing to be ashamed of in the matter. They will, no doubt, gratify our curiosity by letting us know in post historic times what the truth is in regard to this connection between the government and the *Times* (hear, hear). I want to know—and I think the country wants to know (hear, hear)—how far the government had been an English enough to attack us from ambush. We want to know how far this persecution and plot has been a government persecution and plot (hear, hear). I think we are entitled to know. The so-called "Parnellism and Crime" was sworn by Houston (hisses) to be nothing more than an enlarged edition of "Parnellism Unmasked," and "Parnellism Unmasked" was written by Richard Pigott (laughter). Therefore "Parnellism and Crime" was written upon a foundation laid by the late Richard Pigott—simply an enlarged edition of Richard Pigott (renewed laughter). So we have the time of these three judges, the time of parliament taken up, the time of the judicial tribunals of the country taken up, to investigate charges which one and all are now admitted to have been charges brought forward by the infamous Richard Pigott. It has, however, been a case of the "engineer" hoist by his own petard; because no event which we could have encompassed could have done the government and their party so much injury as the history of these transactions (loud cheers). Mr. Parnell then moved a vote of thanks to the chairman. Bishop Bagshawe seconded the resolution, which was cordially received, and the proceedings terminated.

THE NATIVE IRISHMAN.

BY A CONVERTED SAXON.

The following racy lines are taken from a humorous periodical entitled *The Man in the Moon*, which had a brief existence in Dublin some years ago.

Before I came across the sea
To this delightful place,
I thought the native Irish were
A funny sort of race:
I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,
And that they always said:
"Och hone, accushla, tare-an-ouns,
Begorra," and "bedad!"

I thought they sported crownless hats
With shadoons in the rim;
I thought they wore long trailing coats
And knickerbockers trim;
I thought they went about the place
As tight as they could get;
And that they always had a fight
With everyone they met.

I thought their noses all turned up
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

* * * * * * *

But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such;
I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons';
I found that some were billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Europeans' are,
And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not peculiar.
I even saw a face or two
Which might be handsome called;
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found them sober, now and then;
And even in the street,
It seems they do not have a fight
With ev'ry boy they meet.
I even found some honest men
Among the very poor;
And I have heard some sentences
Which did not end with "shure."

It seems that prattes in their skins
Are not their only food,
And that they have a house or two
Which is not built of mud.
In fact, they're not all brutes or fools,
And I suspect that when
They rule themselves they'll be as good,
Almost, as Englishmen!

THE USUAL treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper medical treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

Why

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great Fifty-fifth street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at $400 each; on Seeley and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty-fourth street, for $350? Terms of payment, $50 cash and $50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

WM. H. CONDON,
Real Estate Dealer,
186 Clark Street, Chicago Hotel.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House. Christmas remittances at net rates.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

DEATH OF DR. HENRY RAVERTY.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Dr. Henry Raverty, of Bray, which occurred rather suddenly on Saturday evening. The deceased, who had been ailing recently, was the best known of a family of medical practitioners, and, with his father and brother, enjoyed an extensive and influential practice in the suburbs and the metropolis. His untimely death, at the comparatively early age of 54 years, brings sorrow to a family in which he was revered, and to a wide circle of professional and personal friends. Dr. Raverty was of a most charitable and kindly disposition, and sympathetic and untiring in his attention to his numerous patients, who will mourn the loss of a generous and true friend. The greatest sympathy is felt by all classes in the district of Bray for the bereaved parents and relatives of the deceased, who belonged to one of the oldest and most esteemed families in the locality.—*Freeman, Dec.* 23.

FUNERAL OF MRS. J. E. REDMOND.

On Saturday morning, Dec. 21, the interment of the remains of Mrs. J. E. Redmond took place in Glasnevin cemetery. The funeral, which left her late residence in Upper Fitzwilliam street at 10 o'clock, was very largely attended. The Irish parliamentary party sent a strong representation, and there were many of the city fathers and other representative citizens, including the lord mayor, the high sheriff, and the lord mayor-elect. The bar, the medical profession, and the press sent large contingents, and all classes of the citizens were well represented. Among Mr. Redmond's many friends the deepest sympathy is felt for him in his sad bereavement. This feeling was evinced not merely in the large attendance at the funeral, but in the genuine and marked concern of all present for his sudden and heavy trouble. The chief mourners were Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P.; Mr. William Redmond, M.P., and Mr. J. J. Dalton, B.L. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths, conspicuous among the number being one from the people of Tipperary, with whose present struggle Mr. John Redmond has so intimately associated himself. Resolutions of sympathy with Mr. Redmond were passed by the Wexford board of guardians and the Harold's Cross (Robert Emmet) branch of the Irish National League.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE AT LUGGACURREN.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M. P., accompanied by Mr. T. P. Gill, M. P., arrived at Luggacurren on Dec. 20. They were met at the station by Messrs. P. A. Meehan, C.T.C., P.L.G., and N. Walsh, T.C., and proceeded at once to the campaigned estate at Luggacurren, where the right honorable gentleman and his colleagues had an interview with the Rev. J. Maher, C.C., and the evicted tenants.

MUNSTER.

THREE MONTHS HARD LABOR FOR WATCHING PIGS.

A Waterford correspondent writes that on Thursday, Dec. 19, Pierce Power, of Ballinacourty, Dungarvan, was charged before Messrs. Considine and Lynch, R.M.'s with having taken part in a criminal conspiracy to prevent persons unknown from dealing with Thomas and Michael Fitzgerald, and also taking part in a criminal conspiracy to induce and compel Thomas and Michael Fitzgerald to give up a farm known as Tallawood, formerly occupied by Edmond Casey. Mr. E. Murphy, B. L., (instructed by P. Kelly, solicitor), prosecuted, and Ald. L.C. Strange defended. Constable Allen deposed that while doing detective duty at Ballybricken, on Nov. 27, Power informed him that if Fitzgerald brought his pigs to Cappaquin fair he would follow him. Sergeant Wilson stated that he saw defendant watching Fitzgerald's pigs at Dungarvan fair. The defendant was sentenced to three months hard labor.

EVICTIONS NEAR FERMOY.

A Fermoy correspondent telegraphed on Friday, Dec. 20: "A party of sheriff's bailiffs, protected by a large force of police, evicted two farmers named Daniel Connors, of Dantaheen, and Maurice Spillane, Coolcorna, near Fermoy, the landlord being Anthony J. Cliffe, Ecatscorthy. Both farmers were greatly over-rented, and the tenants, who, unavoidably, got into arrears, made most generous offers of settlement, but the landlord would come to no terms. Consequently the evictions took place. The houses on both farms were strongly barricaded, and more than one crowbar was bent before entrance was obtained. The bailiffs were placed in a most ridiculous position. At Spillane's farmstead a dead fox had been hoisted on a pole up one of the chimney shafts, and this should be removed before the eviction could be completed. The efforts of the evicting party to remove the fox convulsed the onlookers with merriment, but at length, on getting on an adjoining stable, the fox was taken down from its position amid the jeers of the crowd.

RELEASE OF TIPPERARY "CRIMINALS."

A Clonmel correspondent writes that on Friday, at an early hour, Messrs Michael Lonergan, Pierce Lonergan, and Michael Burke were released from the jail wherein they had been imprisoned three months, in accordance with a sentence (for obstructing the sheriff at an eviction) imposed on them at Cahir by Messrs. Meldon and Carew, on Aug 29. Large contingents, with bands, met the "criminals." They were presented with a watch each by the Messrs. Purcell.

GLAD O'BRIEN IS OUT.

Reports of the rejoicings all over the country on the occasion of the release of William O'Brien continue to pour in. In Bantry the streets were brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires blazed on the hills around. The police extinguished a large tar barrel which was lit in the streets. A torchlight procession with two bands paraded the streets of Cootehill, and also of Ballylanders (county Limerick). Similar rejoicings took place at Newmarket-on-Fergus. Johnstown (county Kilkenny) put on its brightest appearance on Saturday night in honor of the event. Everything passed off peaceably so long as the police remained satisfied with having nothing to do; but at Mallow about twenty police, headed by District Inspector Lanyon, marched after the band, and when near William O'Brien street turned and attacked the people. Old and young of both sexes were knocked down and trampled on by one another in the rush to escape the batons of the police. Two civilians were severely hurt.—*Dublin Freeman, Dec.* 24.

THE KINGSTON ESTATE.

A Mitchelstown correspondent writes: The Doyle land sub commission sat in Mitchelstown on Thursday, Dec. 19, to investigate one hundred fair rent applications from the tenants of the Kingston estate. The tenants, owing to the constitution of the commission, which they aver unjustly treated them on former occasions, were disposed to withdraw from court, but Mr. Henry Frend, the agent of the property, offered to leave the cases to arbitration, provided the Church of Ireland Representative Body, the mortgagees of the estate, assented to this course. Mr. M. Healy, M.P., solicitor, on behalf of the tenants, accepted the offer, and the court adjourned.

MURDERED BY POLICEMEN.

Mr. William Walsh, flour and meal merchant, Bank place and Henry street, Tipperary, who was beaten so severely by the police on the night of March 7 last, when standing at the door of his Henry street establishment, died on Dec. 21. The facts of Mr. Walsh's cruel treatment at the hands of the authorities here have already appeared in the public press, but under the present distressing circumstances of his untimely death a short repetition of them may not be out of place.

The town of Tipperary during the first week in March last, when members of parliament were brought before a coercion court here, was filled with policemen. On the night of March 7 Mr. Walsh was standing in his shop door in Henry street. The police made a charge up that street, and three constables rushed at Mr. Walsh, batoned him on the head, felling him to the ground. The constables then dragged him in an unconscious state to the police barrack, where for a considerable time he bled profusely. The effect of that attack was that Mr. Walsh was confined to his bed for six weeks, attended all the time by Dr. Conway. When he went out of doors he was brought before a coercion court charged with riot, but the case was dismissed. Mr. Walsh has been under medical treatment since March 7. On Thursday, Dec. 19, he appeared flushed about the eyes, and complained of exhaustion.

CONNAUGHT.

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.

In the Exchequer court, Dublin, on Dec. 19, the case of Harris vs. Arnott, which was a libel action taken by Mr. Matt Harris, M.P., against the proprietor of the *Irish Times*, in which a verdict for £1,000 damages had been returned at the last Limerick assizes, judgment on appeal was now given. The court, which consisted of the lord chief baron and Baron Dowse, held that the damages were excessive, and ordered that a new trial be had, unless that the plaintiff agreed to accept £200 as sufficient, in addition to the £50 which had been lodged in court by the defendant, Arnott, previous to the first trial. Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., as counsel for Mr. Harris, elected to accept a new trial.

A HAPPY INCIDENT

Mr. Wm. H. Gallagher, foreman of the Ketalpa Silver Mine, Leadville, Col., has been at home in Castlebar visiting his relatives. He is brother of Mr. Michael Gallagher, chief clerk of the court and post office in Castlebar. Another brother holds a post of the highest trust in one of the largest factories in Ireland, and the youngest is employed in a leading solicitor's office. The visit of their brother from distant Colorado, where he has been very fortunate, was a happy incident of the Christmas season.

ULSTER.

CHANGES IN CLOGHER.

The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly has been pleased to make the following changes in the diocese of Clogher: The Very Rev. Canon McQuaid, P. P., Donaghmoyle, to be P.P. of Kilskelly, as successor of the late lamented Father Bartley; the Rev. J. Meegan, P. P., Tempo, to succeed Canon McQuaid as P. P., of Donaghmoyle; the Rev. John Gallagher, C. C., Maguiresbridge, to be P. P. of Killany; the Rev. Eugene McManus, P. P., Killany, to be P. P. of Aughnamullen East; the Rev. P. A. Cleary, C. C., Carrickmacross, to be C. C. of Maguiresbridge; the Rev. W. O'Doherty, C. C., Magherscloone, to be C. C. of Carrickmacross; Rev. T. Connolly, C. C., Derrygonnelly, to be C. C. of Aughnamullen East.

CHANGES IN ARMAGH.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, has made the following clerical changes in the diocese of Armagh: Rev. M. McNamee, C.C., Forkhill, has been transferred to the curacy of Marnethill, and has been replaced in the curacy of Forkhill by the Rev. M. Quinn, C. C., recently ordained; Rev. P McWilliams, C. C., Markethill to be C. C., Camlough; Rev. P. Conlon, C. C., Camlough, to be C. C., Clougherhead, county Louth; Rev. Father Hanratty, C.C., Clougherhead, to be C.C., Upper Killeavey; Rev. Francis Carolan, C.C., Upper Killeavey, to be C.C., Camlough; Rev. P. Murtagh to be C.C., Carrickmore; Rev. O. Short, C.C., Carrickmore, to be C.C., Beragh; Rev. J. Dunne, C.C., Kilmore, to be C.C., Loughgall; Rev. Father Mooney, recently ordained, to be C.C., Kilmore; Rev. Father Kerr, to be C.C., Portadown.

Consumption Surely Cured!

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

FIGHTING THE SAVAGES.

The Editor of "The Citizen" Preparing a Volume on the Sioux Campaigns of 1876 and 1879.

The editor of THE CITIZEN is preparing for publication, and will soon have ready for the press, a comprehensive history of the great Sioux War, of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen. Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Cibicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written—the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig.-Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A. Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col. A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj. Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col. and Maj. H. E. Noyes, U.S.A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex. Chambers, U.S.A.; Maj. A. S Burt, U.S.A.; Maj. Luhn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U.S. A.; Maj. T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U.S.A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt. Baldwin, Fifth infantry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have not yet been completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

H. R. EAGLE

JANUARY CLEARING SALE.

Having taken our inventory, we find that we still have an overstock of some lines of goods, and to reduce this stock, and to make them sell quick, we offer the following Bargains:

COME EARLY, BEFORE THEY ARE ALL SOLD.

40 Bars James S. Kirk's Standard Soap for	$1.00
B. & M. Paris Corn, per can	10 cents
California Raisins, per lb	4 cents
A 3-lb Can Table Peaches for	10 cents
Broken Stick Candy, per lb	6 cents
Broken Lump Candy, per lb	8 cents
Crystal Mixed Candy, per lb	10 cents
Pint Bottles Shrewsbury Catsup for	15 cents
Pint Bottles Domestic Catsup for	5 cents
Cross & Blackwell's Jams, per jar	18 cents
Large Bottle Parmesan Cheese for	15 cents
Pints English Style Pickles, each	20 cents
Pints English Style White Onions, each	20 cents
A 27 ounce Bottle Spanish Queen Olives	18 cents
Pint Bottle Francois Farrari Olive Oil—This is the best oil imported—for	29 cents
Pint Bottle J. Wolff Imported Olive Oil for	19 cents
A 3-lb Can Gordon & Dilworth Asparagus for	25 cents
A 3-lb Can California Asparagus for	17 cents
Pint Bottles Cross & Blackwell's Pickles for	25 cents
Quart Bottles Cross & Blackwell's Pickles for	43 cents
Anchovies in Oil, per bottle	17 cents
Anchovies in Salt, per bottle	19 cents
Italian Pastillaces, per lb	9 cents
Italian Pates (Alphabets), per lb	9 cents
Marge Fils' Macaroni, per lb	9 cents
Large Sized Christmas Candles, per lb	8 cents
Glass Jars Imported Macedoines, each	19 cents
Glass Jars Imported Haricots, each	19 cents
1 lb Bon Ton Baking Powder for	10 cents

Just as good as what you are paying 40 cents per lb for.

Good Stove Polish, per package	1 cent
A Good Iron Coal Shovel for	2 cents
Large Wood Ash Sieves for	25 cents
9 lbs Pure Ground Coffee for	$1.00
A Good Large Sized Hatchet for	9 cents
A Good Flour Sifter	6 cents
A Copper Coffee Pot Stand	2 cents
Silver Steel Tea Spoons, per set of 6 spoons	10 cents
Silver Steel Table Spoons, per set of 6 spoons	20 cents
A Good Steel Carpenter's Hammer for	6 cents
Vanilla Chocolate, per lb	19 cents
A 3-lb can California Black Cherries for	15 cents
Finest French Peas, Imported, per tin	14 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS 68 WABASH-AV.

BABY.

Before the cheerful fire to-night,
My wife and I are sitting,
We softly talk of days gone by,
And on our hearts, such memories lie
Of baby.

Our treasure was a boy, of course,
And such a sturdy youngster,
With hair of gold, and eyes of blue,
And six white teeth, so straight and true,
Had baby.

His chubby hands, all dimpled, too,
And fingers, always itching,
To pull our hair and poke our eyes,
And other tricks, to our surprise,
Did baby.

He made my wife a slave all day
Keeping him out of mischief.
He'd pick up pins and dirt, you see,
And put them in his mouth, would he,
Would baby.

And then, at night, when I came home,
He'd crow and smile to see me,
He'd pick my pockets, do his best
To grab my pipe (the little pest)
That baby.

At bedtime, too, he'd vex us sore,
With all his restless antics,
And when we thought he was asleep,
Around the door, who then would peep,
But baby.

And so to-night we sit and think,
Of baby's ways and doings,
And of those hands and voice, now still,
And through our hearts such memories thrill,
Oh! baby.

But, hark! From out the stillness comes,
A voice so soft and cooing,
That rascal, there, has just awoke,
And smiling too, a master stroke,
Our baby.
—"Dudleigh" in Sunday Inter-Ocean.

THAT STRANGE ANIMAL.

North and east of Fort Davis, Tex., stretching far away to that strip of nondescript soil, known as "No Man's Land," is the remnant of the so called Great American desert, designated on the maps and in the geographies as "Llano Estacado," or Staked Plain. The name desert is a misnomer, for the Llano Estacado is not a desert, but rather a well watered, grassy plain, covered with hay and verdure, the natural home and refuge at the present time of nearly all the large game animals of the southwestern portion of the United States.

All the buffaloes we have in the country, except a scattered pair here and there, and the mountain bison of the Yellowstone park, are to be found homelessly wandering over the staked plain. Mustangs, wild and untamed, gallop with unshod hoofs over the soft, velvety carpet, and antelope, the most dainty of all feeders, seek here the delicate wild clover and maiden flowers which are found nowhere else in such abundance as upon this wild and unsettled tract.

A Texas cowboy, in search of stray cattle, came in from the plains and reported that, while chasing a wild and untamable steer into an entirely unknown region, where perhaps no human foot save that of an Indian had ever traveled, he saw in the dim distance a large, bulky and unwieldly creature, which he at first took to be a buffalo. Yet it could not be a buffalo, for it was too large and too slender of build, and covered the ground in a long, loping sort of stride, whereas a buffalo, when put to his speed, usually adopts a short gallop, very much like a range steer.

Big enough for an elephant, and yet as slender as a giraffe, what in the name of wonder can the creature be? thought the cowboy. His jaded mustang was too weary and the day too far gone for him to undertake a chase to the death, so the cow puncher turned his tracks and trotted slowly back to the round up camp, where he told his yarn to his comrades, with due exaggeration as to the size, speed and build of the strange animal he had encountered.

"Now come, Bill," exclaimed one, "what did the beast look like, anyway?"

"Why, jest as I tell yer," answered Bill. "He was a great big brute, with two story legs, a long neck, a fast, ugly trot, an' a hump on his back big as a hogshead."

"Oh, I see," said another. "Nothing but a stray buffler, cause he had a hump on his back. Yer got fooled that time, Bill, and fooled in the bargain by an old buffler bull. Yer ought to know better, Bill."

"Tell yer, Jim, I'm not fooled," exclaimed Bill, hotly. "Don't I know a buffler bull when I sees one? That feller was no buffler, nor no steer, an' I'll bet a ninety foot lariat he don't belong to this country, either."

The others were quite interested now, for they knew Bill Yerkes was likely to be correct when he was so earnest about it, and an agreement was made that rounding up, cutting out and branding should be suspended a couple of days, while the whole party went on a chase across the country in search of the wonderful animal seen by their comrade that day.

Next morning, before day, four stout, sturdy fellows were in the saddle and moving westward, leaving one of their number behind as guard for the camp. Their mounts were beautiful. The mustangs they bestrode had been captured while mere ponies from the wild herds that yet, in limited numbers, course over the great plain, except the one ridden by Yerkes, and this animal was a gaunt, raw boned specimen, raised somewhere in the southeastern part of the state and brought to the range by Yerkes himself, who seemed very fond of the brute. The four men separated, striking off in different directions, like an open fan, and agreeing to meet that night for camp on a branch of the south fork of the Canadian, which was nearly dry at this time of the year. About sunset all had arrived at the rendezvous except Bill Yerkes. While the others were sitting around the camp fire, about 9 o'clock, feasting upon wild turkey which had been shot from a tree near by, their missing comrade rode up.

He threw himself from his horse, removed the saddle, watered and picketed his animal and then joined the others.

"Wal, fellers," he exclaimed. "I have spotted the darned cuss again."

"The deuce you have," ejaculated the others, with great interest.

"Yes, I found him about six miles above here at sundown, and jest as I was about to give up the hunt."

"Well, what is it?" exclaimed the three in one breath.

"Darned if I know," said Yerkes. "It was too dark to see clearly, and then the tarnal cuss sighted me as soon as I did him and off he started toward the setting sun like a locomotive. But I've got his bearings, and I'll catch that skunk to-morrow or give up cow punching and range riding for good."

The second morning the four were in the saddle by light and traveling up stream until a grass overgrown bottom, interspersed with scrub oak and pecan trees, was reached.

"Here," said Yerkes, "is where I saw the fellow last night."

"And here," said Dick Pepper, "are the buster's tracks"—at the same time leaping from his mustang and examining several large hoofprints in the muddy portion of the creek bottom.

"Wal, that beats me," remarked Bob Newhall, the fourth of the party. "What you take them tracks to be, Yerkes? No such steer as that in the whole kentry as I knows of."

"'Tain't no steer," responded the other. "Darned if I can size the creature up; but let's keep after him an' we'll soon find out, or I'm no preacher."

Out over the prairie rode the four men, following as best they could the trail of this strange animal, but all signs were soon lost in the sand and gravel, as the country had now assumed a barren, desolate appearance, covered with hillocks of sand, and almost as flat as a billiard table as far as the eye could see. About noon a speck on the horizon was sighted, and toward this atom the quartet rode steadily, gaining rapidly, and very soon coming so far within range as to outlive the object.

"That's the fellow an' no snakes," shouted Yerkes, hardly able to curb his excitement.

Sure enough. There in the distance, far ahead, was a strange, ungainly object that bore no resemblance to any living creature born or bred on this continent. With a rapid, sidelong, cumbersome gait he easily kept beyond the fleetest mustangs until darkness almost hid his ugly form from view; but still the four horsemen were doing their utmost to catch up, with Yerkes a long advantage in the lead and evidently determined to solve the mystery at any cost or kill his horse. The last his three comrades saw of him Yerkes was going at a 2:40 gait, his long Mexican lariat trailing behind and his rawboned steed doing his level best to bring his master alongside the stranger they were pursuing. The others soon gave up and went into a dry camp amid a bunch of cottonwoods for a few hours, where they had to dig in the sand for water.

As darkness drew around him poor Yerkes almost gave up in despair. His tired mustang protested in a dumb sort of way against such treatment, but still the biped pushed on, and forced both himself and steed to such extremities that at last, when darkness had actually closed in upon the whole flat plain, the man was compelled to admit that he was no wiser than the day before regarding the identity of the creature he was chasing.

As he slackened his speed to think over the situation his quarry also reduced his gait. A bright moon now came sailing up from the ocean of sand, and just at this moment the chase passed before the great red ball, so that his form was clearly outlined against the bright background.

"The devil!" ejaculated Yerkes. "Darn my skin if I don't believe it's a camel. Well, if I can't catch him I'll round him up, anyhow; so here goes."

Making a long detour, he managed gradually to get beyond the animal and turned him in his course, so that pretty soon both pursuer and pursued were traveling directly back over the course they had come. But the pace was slow this time, as the mustang began to show evident signs of pegging out, and the man was very tired and weary, too. Observing that his game was now resting, also, or rather nibbling the scant herbage and drifting slowly eastward, the cowboy quickly leaped from his seat, removed saddle, blanket and bridle, lariated his steed, who commenced grazing at once, took a good chew of tobacco, and, resting his head on the saddle, turned over in a pile of soft, loose sand and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke some hours later he found the moon nearly overhead and his horse still quietly nibbling the few spears of grass peeping above the sandy soil. Nowhere in sight was the strange animal he had followed. Saddling and mounting he rode here and there in search of the brute, but the latter had vanished without sight, sound or sign to follow.

Utterly and thoroughly disgusted, Yerkes started on the back trail, at the same time muttering startling exclamations against the strange thing that had led him a wild goose chase to no purpose for two days and a night over the plains. Riding on and on in that still night, not even a coyote bark or a wolf howl to break the intense silence, the man would talk and reason with his horse upon the confounded ill luck that had befallen him. Toward morning Venus came sailing majestically up from the east, and the moon, still shining brightly, lit up the vast plain, reflecting back the sparkling bits of sand like the water of the ocean sparkles and dances under her silvery beams.

Just then a faint noise came floating from far ahead. Yerkes pulled up instantly and both horse and rider bent their ears to listen. Louder and louder it grew until the beating of hoofs could be heard, and presently, too, the sound of men's voices hallooing and shouting. Somebody was chasing something, of this there could be no mistake. Then in the dim light a black object hove in sight with three horsemen in hot pursuit.

"That's my game, by gosh," said Yerkes to himself with great excitement, "and darn my hide but I'll have him now."

The man quickly unalung his long Mexican lariat (he was a fine roper), and, patting his horse encouragingly, made ready to cast the moment he was within proper distance. On came the big game with a rush, making wonderful long strides with his tremendous legs, and not two hundred yards behind were the three cowboys, urging their mustangs at the top of their speed, yelling like mad. Yerkes got his lariat in position, and then began that long graceful swing, with the magic circle opening like an oval, that only the practical arm can give to the rope. Straight at the man rushed the brute, but, evidently discovering him when too late, the latter made a bold swerve to the left, as if to pass by him. Galloping alongside for a moment, the rope swung in the air, and then, swish, it darted, settling snugly about the long, hoop like neck.

In true cowboy style, as if handling a steer, Yerkes kept up his pace and gradually got into position for throwing the animal. This process is as follows: When the noose is around the head, horns or neck, the next movement is to arrange the line on the further side of the animal, both pursuer and pursued going at full speed, so that it is about the height of the legs. Then, by suddenly stopping the pony, who plants his forelegs firmly to withstand the shock, by a quick, sudden jerk the steer's legs are pulled from under him, and over he rolls in the dust. This is precisely the manner in which Yerkes treated his strange captive.

When everything was ready and the line in position he pulled his horse up suddenly and jerked the strange brute's legs from under him. The mighty body of the latter tumbled heavily all in a heap, but there was a sharp, ugly snap as if something had cracked. In a word, the fall had broken its neck.

In a few minutes the four men were grouped together standing over the carcass and eying it in perfect wonder.

"Wall, I'll be shot for a tenderfoot, but that beats me," said Jim Pepper.

"Where in the devil did he come from, anyhow?" exclaimed Bob Newhall.

Yerkes alone was silent. After scanning and examining the creature closely he at length uttered, in the most absolute surprise: "Boys, that's a camel as sure as a gun's iron. Now, how in the name of reason did he get in Texas? I've always heard they lived in Asia or Africa, but I'll be burned and scalped alive if here isn't one in Texas. Let's go back to camp, boys; I'm done herding and branding. I'm going back to the states, I am."

The mystery, after all, is no mystery at all, for it was really and truly a camel. Another genuine camel was actually caught by a cowboy named Dennis Madigon near the ranch of Col. Lewis Wolfley, late of the Confederate States army, in the vicinity of Gila Bend, A. T. It was a large one, measuring over nine feet in height, and was supposed to be an estray from the old herd that has been roaming over the deserts of Arizona and California since 1858 or 1859. They were imported first for the purpose of carrying freight from Inyo, Cal., to Carson, Nev., and proving a failure for this object, were turned loose to hustle for themselves.

Just before the civil war the government got hold of them and proposed to make them useful on the frontier in keeping up communication between the widely separated military posts, where it became necessary to travel long distances without water. They were never, however, of much service, and upon the breaking out of hostilities between the north and south were seized by the Confederate authorities and sent to Camp Verdo, about sixty miles northwest of San Antonio. Here they were put in service as mail carriers, often making trips of fifty-five to sixty miles a day in a dry, barren, hot country where no American horse could have survived such hardship.

At the close of the war they again fell into the hands of the Federal authorities, and were sold at auction in the city of San Antonio in 1866. They were finally taken west to Arizona, and, proving useless, were soon abandoned to their fate. Wandering over the wild portions of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, they increased somewhat in numbers, but it was supposed that the Indians had long ago killed them off. It has since been learned that the red men, superstitious and silly as they usually are in such cases, regarded them with great awe as strange creatures from the clouds, and so fled from them in terror.

A few lonesome and forlorn camels are yet drifting over the wild, uninhabited places of the far southwest, so that the novelty of a genuine camel hunt presents itself to those in search of "pleasures new" who care to travel the long distance to seek them.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Candid Friend.

To the English Georges were not a few frank speeches made by a class of whom George Canning exclaimed:

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!

A young lady told George II that the ceremony she most longed to see was a coronation!

George IV, when Prince of Wales, found a "candid friend" in Nollekens, the sculptor, one of the most simple minded and uncourtly of men. The prince was sitting for his bust, and the following conversation took place:

Nollekens—How's your father? (The king was at that time very ill.)

The Prince—Thank you, Mr. Nollekens, he is much better.

Nollekens—Ah, that's all right! It would be a sad thing if he was to die, for we shall never have another king like him.

The Prince—Thank you.

Nollekens—Ah, sir, you may depend upon that.—Youth's Companion.

A Happy "Meejum."

Mr. Kindly—Well, Uncle Peter, how does the world serve you these days?

Uncle Peter—Oh, firs' rate, sah, firs' rate; I ain't so rich ez Mistah Vanderbilt, no' so po' as Job's turkey, sah, but I jess seem ter hab struck a happy meejum 'tween dem two gemmen, sah, an' I'se very well sat'sfied.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SILK INTERESTS

Have a Hearing Before the Ways and Means Committee.

THE INDUSTRY BOUND TO INCREASE.

Undervaluation of Imports an Obstacle to the American Manufacturer—Judge Brewer, the New Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Takes the Oath of Office—Proceedings in the House and Senate—Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The ways and means committee gave a hearing Monday to the silk interests. F. W. Cheney, of South Manchester, Conn., president of the Silk Association of America, was the first gentleman heard. He favored the duty proposed by the senate tariff bill, which makes a reduction of 10 per cent. on silks. He was followed by Mr. Briton Richardson, secretary of the same association. He advocated establishing a compound duty on silk. One-half the silk used in this country, he said, is manufactured here, and with the necessary protection, the industry is bound to increase. The undervaluation of imports, he said, is a great obstacle to the American manufacturer, and should be remedied.

Increase of Duty Favored.

Mr. A. E. Kursheldt, of New York, a manufacturer of silk braids, laces and other notions, spoke in favor of increasing the duty on silk from fifty to seventy-five per cent ad valorem. Mr. Schloss next addressed the committee. He favored increasing the duty on both the raw silk and the manufactured article. He asked for a duty of twenty-five per cent ad valorem on the raw and sixty per cent ad valorem on the manufactured article. Mr. Walker, who has charge of the silk division of the department of agriculture next addressed the committee. He told of the results of the experiments the department had made and produced samples of silk made at the department from the native product.

A Paying Industry.

The worm he said could be, and was being successfully cultivated in most parts of the United States, and as soon as the manufacturers commenced using the raw silk, he thought it would become a paying industry. To do this, however, he said a duty must be levied on the raw material sufficient to protect the home producer and allow the industry to get a start. This finished the silk hearing, and the committee took a recess.

CAPITAL CITY MISCELLANY.

Justice Brewer Takes the Oath.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—David J. Brewer, the new associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, assumed the duties of his office Monday. The court assembled at noon, Chief Justice Fuller presiding. The new associate justice followed the justices in, accompanied by Justice Strong, retired. The chief justice arose and announced that the commission of the new associate justice was in the clerk's hands and called upon the clerk to read it. The reading over, the new associate justice arose, and standing at the clerk's desk, read aloud the oath of office. At the end, the clerk said: "So help you God," and Judge Brewer bowed his acquiescence. The marshal, Mr. Wright, then escorted Justice Brewer to his seat on the extreme left of the chief justice, the chief justice and the associate justices bowing to him as he passed.

House and Senate.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The chaplain Monday morning invoked divine protection for Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who is seriously ill.

On motion of Carlisle the speaker was authorized to administer the oath of office to Mr. Randall at his home. Wilbur, of New York, and Whitthorne, of Tennessee, were also authorized to take the oath of office before the proper officers. The states were then called for the introduction and reference of bills, and at 2:15 p. m. the house adjourned.

In the senate Monday petitions were presented, urging the selection of Chicago and St. Louis as the place for the world's fair.

The committee on military affairs reported adversely a bill to increase the pay of army chaplains. At 3:25 the senate went into secret session and at 3:40 adjourned.

Presidential Favors.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The president sent to the senate the following nominations: Claiborne J. Walton, of Kentucky, to be pension agent at Louisville, Ky.; J. Lee Knight, of Kansas, to be receiver of public moneys at Topeka, Kas.; David J. M. Wood, to be agent for the Indians of the Pona, Pawnee, Otoe and Oakland Agency in the Indian Territory; Hiram Knowles, to be U. S. District Judge for the District of Montana; Robert H. Paul to be marshal of the United States for the territory of Arizona; To be U. S. attorneys: Isaac N. Alexander, for the northern district of Ohio; Theo. F. Shepard, for the eastern district of Michigan; Maurice D. O'Donnell, for the northern district of Iowa.

Decision Against the Government.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—In an opinion rendered Monday in the well-known Edelhoff customs case, the supreme court holds that silk and cotton ribbons used exclusively as hat trimmings are dutiable at 20 per cent. under the provision in the tariff act of 1885 for "trimmings for hats, bonnets, and hoods," and not at 50 per cent. under the provision for materials of which silk is the component of chief value. The government will by this decision be compelled to refund about $6,000,000 to importers in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other places.

"Blocks of Five."

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—Mr. Bynum introduced in the house Monday a resolution for the investigation of the "blocks of five" charges against Mr. Dudley in the late election.

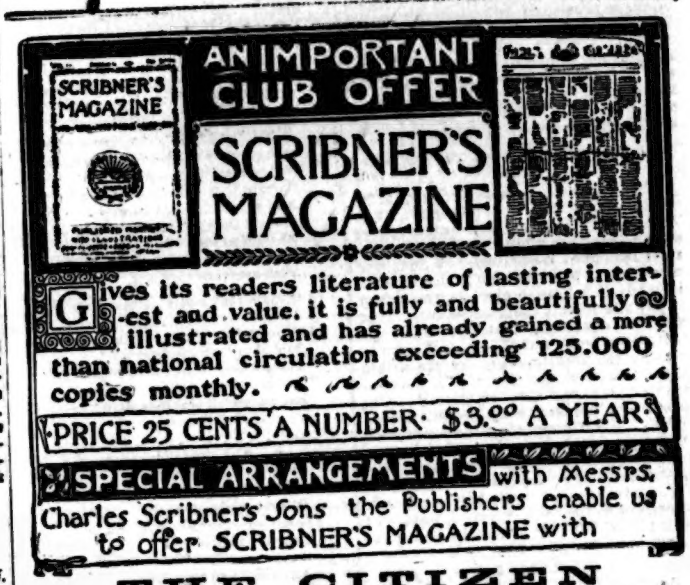
Ex-Chief Justice Sargeant Dead.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 6.—Ex Chief Justice Nathan E. Sargeant died of typhoid pneumonia Monday forenoon, aged 73 years. He was a graduate of Darmouth, class of '38, and was admitted to the bar in Washington City in 1842. He was appointed a judge in 1855, and continued upon the bench until 1874, having been selected chief justice of the supreme judicial court in 1873. He was speaker of the house of representatives in 1878, president of the senate in 1884, and a member of the constitutional convention of 1877.

Jumped From the Window.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 6.—A special to the Star from Hiawatha, Kas., says: Fire was discovered issuing from the staircase of the principal hotel here early in the morning, and the guests were obliged to jump from the second and third story windows to save their lives. A number of persons were injured, but none fatally.

THIS LITTLE BAND OF HOPE, CARRY SANTA CLAUS SOAP,
AND YOU SEE HOW VERY RAPIDLY THEY'RE RISING,
WE'VE ENGAGED THEM FOR A TIME,
AS THEY'RE SUITED FOR THIS 'CLIMB',
AND ARE HAPPY WHEN EMPLOYED
IN ADVERTISING
ALL GROCERS KEEP IT.
SANTA CLAUS
SOAP
FOR WASHING, SCRUBBING, SCOURING, CLEANING, IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Made only by N.K.FAIRBANK & CO. - CHICAGO.


SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
AN IMPORTANT CLUB OFFER
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
Gives its readers literature of lasting interest and value, it is fully and beautifully illustrated and has already gained a more than national circulation exceeding 125.000 copies monthly.
PRICE 25 CENTS A NUMBER. $3.00 A YEAR.
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons the Publishers enable us to offer SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with
THE CITIZEN
At the low combination rate of $4.40 for both. Send your order now. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Address THE CITIZEN 79 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

HOW WE GET THE IVORY.

The Elephant Industry and Its Relations to the Slave Trade.

It has been suggested by a recent writer that the extinction of the African elephant would achieve the suppression of the African slave trade, for if there were no ivory to carry to the coast the Arabs would have no occasion to maintain that fell institution in its foulest form. On the same lines we have heard it argued that the ultimate patrons of African slavery are those men among us whose amusement depends upon the perfection of the sphere wrought out of the choicest part of the elephant's tooth, and those ladies whose æsthetic taste would be offended with other than the soft, creamy, delicately grained surface for their toilet requisites, which no product but ivory can give.

Many will regard this long chain of responsibility as the mere fantastic creation of a philanthropic enthusiast, and certainly the abolition of the slave trade will be a slow process if it depends upon the establishment of an anti-ivory using league in the boudoirs and dining rooms of Mayfair or the billiard saloons of the Strand. The prospect that the problem will be solved by the extinction of the great pachyderm is also remote. The yearly destruction of elephants is enormous, and obviously there is a limit to the supply, but it promises to hold out for a long time yet. Occasionally times of scarcity have been experienced, as, for instance, during the recent blockade of the East African coast by Germany, but the shipment to Europe continues with a remarkable regularity.

The perennial talk of an ivory famine has as yet come to nothing, a rise in price being sufficient to stimulate the supply and to some extent contract the demand. Those in the trade will tell you that magnificent tusks are now rare, but of medium size there is comparative abundance. How long that will last it is impossible to say, but as Africa is opened up the elephant's bounds will be circumscribed, and some fine day the last wild animal of the species will receive his quietus. Fifty years is the period which one authority in the trade ventures upon for the practical drying up of the ivory supply.

We obtain a certain proportion of our supplies of ivory from Asia, but the bulk and the best comes from Africa. Indeed, a great part of what is nominally East Indian is really African, for it is sent from Zanzibar and Mozambique to Bombay, and such parts as are not required for bangles and carved work are shipped to England. More or less comes from Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, Ceylon, Sumatra and Java, the Siamese being the best of the Asiatic, which is apt to discolor. The African is shipped from Senegambia, Guinea, the Congo, Benguela and other places on the west coast; Zanzibar, Mozambique and Sofala on the east; Cape town on the south, and from Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria and Cairo, being brought down from the interior in caravans. London is the great market for ivory, and buyers both for home and abroad attend the four series of sales held at the London docks.

Liverpool, through its direct trading connection with the west coast, receives a certain amount of ivory and has a series of minor sales, and Antwerp is now trying to cut into the trade, as an outcome of the Belgian efforts in the Congo Free State. At the last series of sales held in London only 75 tons were offered, but the quantities usually range from 100 to 120 tons. The last auctions in Liverpool disposed of 13 tons, and about 31 tons were offered at Antwerp. Last year the total imports of ivory into this country weighed 11,757 hundredweight. This would mean at least 60,000 tusks, and the destruction of 30,000 elephants for this market alone. France, Germany and America share in these supplies, but they also obtain ivory direct, more especially Germany.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Selling the Succulent Frog.

Two or three times a month a bright boy with a business like air visits the hotels and restaurants. He was encountered the other day in a down town lunch room, where he had just sold the proprietor a dozen fat frogs. They were neatly strung along a stick, and one man at first took them for reed birds. "I caught these down in the Neck," said the boy, "and it ain't no fun either, going into a ditch after them with a net."

"What do you charge for them?"

"Well, for nice, big ones, I can get sixty cents a dozen," answered the youth.

A German woman from some place "down in Jersey" peddles frogs, too. She is talkative enough, except when inquisitive folks try to find out just where the festive froggy can be found. Then she shrewdly scents a possible competitor, and thereafter remains as mute as the proverbial oyster.

The usual way to cook bull frogs, or cow frogs, as the boys call them, is, according to certain gastronomic authorities, a simple thing. Roll the frogs in cracker dust and then fry them as you would an oyster. One gentleman of pronounced epicurean tastes says that if the flavor of the succulent dainty is desired, it should simply be fried in butter. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fashions in Diamonds.

Diamonds—fine diamonds especially—are as fashionable as ever. Jewels composed of clustered diamonds of different sizes are losing ground in general estimation. They are now considered as ineffective at a distance, pretty as they may appear on close inspection. The new idea is to set the stones in rows, so they constitute geometric, or at least conventional, designs, which exhibit the diamonds to the best advantage, show off from afar as well as near. The reader need not be told that far more care and careful manipulation is necessary to create a jewel of this description. The stones must be matched in size and color, as the slightest variation is immediately noticeable, whereas in the clustered arrangement diamonds of all sorts and shapes may be crowded together with more or less artistic effect.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Red Tape in Railroading.

"Talk about red tape in railroading! I got tangled up in it while in New York," remarked State Attorney Mitchell.

"We took a train on a little railroad to one of the summer resorts, and Mrs. Mitchell, feeling ill, I asked the brakeman to turn one of the seats for us. He said he would like to accommodate me, but I would have to speak to the conductor. I spoke to the conductor, and he declared that he would be delighted to accommodate me, but I would have to get an order from the superintendent.

"So I telegraphed to the superintendent, and got an order to turn the seat. I gave the order to the conductor, the conductor passed it over to the brakeman, and the brakeman turned the seat."—Indianapolis News.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

IT IS CONSIDERED AN EXCELLENT DISH, BUT A LITTLE QUEER.

Its Appearance Is Slightly Against It, but It Is All Right—An Interesting Trip Through a Factory Where It Is Manufactured—Funny Things in the Soup.

Have you ever eaten macaroni, grated up with fresh Parmesan cheese and served with gravy, Italian style? If you have not you have missed a great treat. In years gone by it was a favorite dish in restaurants in this city, but it has given place to newer dishes, and now is not to be found on any bill of fare in Chicago. We have all wondered at the funny things we sometimes find in our soup at these high toned restaurants, where everything is judged by appearance as well as by smell and taste. Our plate of mock turtle has appeared like a sort of miniature ocean, in which all kinds of swimming things were to be found. There were quaint star fish, miniature, it is true, but perfect in shape and appearance. There were long, straggling things like thread worms that required a good deal of sound reflection on the part of the novice to get them down without a qualm.

There were the letters forming our own initials, and oh, wonder of wonders, the initials of that dear fellow destined to be our future husband! How in the world did C. K. happen to get into our soup? There must be magic in it! There were shells of various descriptions and a strip of ribbon seaweed. There was also a hairpin, which must have been dropped out of some fair one's head as she leaned over the side of a vessel. But our soup is getting cold as we lose ourselves in the study of its wonderful possibilities, and it is not till our more experienced friend to the left whispers, "Macaroni, you goose!" that we realize that all the slimy sea things we have found are only imitations of the same, made in flour and water.

How is it done anyway? You want to know. Well, come with me to the north side, and there, at 101 Indiana street, you shall find the largest factory of the kind on the continent, where macaroni in thick strips and macaroni in thin strips, and vermicelli in true love knots, and noodles that are not human, and condensed flour and water in the shape of worms that do everything but crawl, and neck frills that look as if they only needed to be put round your neck and fastened with a pin, and pockethandkerchiefs half unfolded, and imitation pumpkin seed and rice, and wedding rings and nutshells and various parts of machinery, such as cogwheels and nuts, are all displayed in neat boxes, with glass lids, so that you may see exactly what you want before you purchase.

The obliging proprietor, Signor Canepa, is waiting to show us over, and we will descend with him into the basement where all the machinery is at work and see how it is done. First, there is the steam flour sifter, that sifts it out so fine that hardly a grain of dust can get through with the flour. The latter is then mixed with water to the consistency of very thick dough. This is also done by steam in a pan where two curved scythes in perpetual motion keep the flour and water ever moving and mixing. The dough is then transferred to the kneading machine, which consists of a great vat, around which a huge steel wheel perpendicular to the trough is ever moving round and round like the cycles of eternity.

The material is now ready, and all that remains is to put it in shape. For this purpose there are several machines, consisting of upright steel cylinders, of which the bottom plate is a sieve containing holes of various sizes to suit the various grades of macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli. Into these cylinders a stated quantity of dough is placed, when a colossal weight, representing a pressure of ten tons to the square inch, is slowly screwed down upon the mass, forcing it through the holes of the sieve bottom in the desired shapes. The common tube shaped macaroni and vermicelli, also the hairpin and stovepipe varieties, are forced through in endless length, as many strings as there are holes, till the dough is exhausted.

It is then cut into the required sizes and laid out to dry. The fancy shapes are made in a horizontal cylinder, forced through plates containing holes of the desired shape. As the dough passes through these holes it is cut off short in quarter, half or inch lengths by a revolving knife. The dough has to be of different consistency for all the various varieties. Great care is needed in this respect, for if the dough is a shade too light or too heavy the machinery will not work.

Once through the cylinders, the perfected comestible falls into the metal trays provided for it, and all that is now necessary is to dry it. It is now taken by young girls and laid out in even rows upon canvas trays, which are sent up on the great elevators to the floors above. Three stories are required for this process. Great experience is needed in the drying, for the whole success of the "brew" depends upon whether or not this is done successfully. Macaroni which appears drier than Saratoga chips to the novice is known by the experienced operator to be quite damp, and if it is put away in this condition mold and destruction will surely follow. The three floors hold about 3,500 trays, each three feet square. An exception to this process is the hairpin variety, which is hung upon poles till about half dry, and then laid on the trays. The drying process in fine weather takes about seven days. In "mean, damp weather" twice that time.

The establishment was beautifully clean throughout, as indeed a place devoted to the manufacture of food always should be. The operators are all Italians, the machines being operated by men, the drying arrangements by young girls. The latter earn from $4 to $5 a week. This is not magnificent, but unskilled labor is rarely remunerative. The men, of course, earn mechanics' wages. Whether there is a trust among them or not I did not learn. They all seem very happy and satisfied with their work.—Resurram in Chicago Herald.

WHY COUGH,

WHEN a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve you? Try it. Keep it in the house. You are liable to have a cough at any time, and no other remedy is so effective as this world-renowned preparation. No household, with young children, should be without it. Scores of lives are saved every year by its timely use.

Amanda B. Jenner, Northampton, Mass., writes: "Common gratitude impels me to acknowledge the great benefits I have derived for my children from the use of Ayer's most excellent Cherry Pectoral. I had lost two dear children from croup and consumption, and had the greatest fear of losing my only remaining daughter and son, as they were delicate. Happily, I find that by giving them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the first symptoms of throat or lung trouble, they are relieved from danger, and are becoming robust, healthy children."

"In the winter of 1885 I took a bad cold which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. Since then I have never been without this medicine. I am fifty years of age, weigh over 180 pounds, and attribute my good health to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—G.W.Youker, Salem, N. J.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thos. B. Russell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville District, M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

When going to Europe,

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS,

be sure to secure passage by one of the

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR OF ALL OCEAN LINES.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 10,000 Horsepower.

TEUTONIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 10,000 Horsepower.

BRITANNIC,

GERMANIC,

ADRIATIC,

CELTIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails,

The WHITE STAR LINE STEAMERS are among the LARGEST, FASTEST, SAFEST and FINEST afloat. They are lighted by Electricity, and are foremost in all appointments for the comfort of their passengers of all classes. Cabin passengers are carried only in ships. Second Cabin and Steerage passengers are carried on same decks as Cabin, in large, well ventilated rooms. Although the accommodations are unexcelled, rates are as low as by any other strictly first class passenger line.

First and Second Cabin tickets, good for one year, issued at very moderate rates.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

THREE GREAT CITIES & THE WEST

CHICAGO

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

No Change of Cars OF ANY CLASS BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.

Union Depots in EAST ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO. No other line runs

PALACE DINING CARS

between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents. The finest

PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.

The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.

The Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.

The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from the SOUTH and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and South-west.

See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."

For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address

JAMES CHARLTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 220 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street CHICAGO, ILL.

J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.

C. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

Prof J. P. Lauth, H C R, 361 N Clark st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis; J J Dillon, H. S, 194 N Clark st. N Wallenborn, H. Treas., 319 E Division st. Dr. J W Niles, H M E, 896 LaSalle av. Chas Langale, S C. Stephen Conley, J C. J D Baggio, I S. Jas Kelley, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J P Lauth, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, N Wallenborn, Dr J W Niles, P J Cahill, F Chambers, N F Franchere, John Bednorz, Henry Detmer, John W Clancy.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackett, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 789 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 183 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrige, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 35th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; 95 E Polk st; Michael James Drury, F S; 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted st.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilsuler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 23rd Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 726 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 909 Tallman av; H W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonin's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 33 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, as Franchere's hall, 186 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 233 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seiss, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 250 N Boyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vean, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 226 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph P Golden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Doguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Vean, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merach, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Vens, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierconi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Testy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J H Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3741 Butterfield st.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 126 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2526 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 961 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; F. P. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Ferell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 642 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mrs. Murray, Treas. Meet 1248 Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2822 Deering st.; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasper's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 237 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, 426 Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—Pres., P. B. Flanagan, 3741 Butterfield st; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3739 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Cassidy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 23—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 26—Pres., William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 27—Pres., John McHenna 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P., J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 5425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P., Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P., J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Director, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev J. O Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev P. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 536 Carroll av; Treas., J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st, Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

P. Dugran, 593 Grove st, Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 431 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Daul Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 83 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin

EVERY IRISH-AMERICAN SHOULD READ

THE CITIZEN

Is the only Irish-American National Newspaper in the Northwestern States. It alone has defended the honor and the patriotism of the Irish-American element against the rabid and malignant attacks of journalistic and ministerial bigots. Why should the Irish-American people support papers that daily load their race with unmerited infamy, while they have a paper like THE CITIZEN to defend them? Every penny they pay into the pockets of their enemies only adds to the capacity of the latter for injuring them. In journalism as in all other matters people should learn to stand by their friends. No Irish-American worthy of the name should be without a copy of

THE CITIZEN

in his household. THE CITIZEN can be had of all newsdealers, or at THE CITIZEN office, Rooms 29, 30 and 31, No. 79 Dearborn street. Sample copies FREE on application. Terms:

One year, single subscription	$2.50
Half year, single subscription	1.25
Clubs of five or more, per year, each	2.00
Clubs of five or more, six months, each	1.00
Single copies	.05

THE CITIZEN.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'REILLY, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
249 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
118 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper.
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Room 205 Chicago Opera House,
Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

RYAN, JOHN B.,
Attorney-at-Law.
152 W. Madison-st., Room 1.
Residence 330 Blue Island-av., Chicago.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
158, 160, 162 & 164
West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

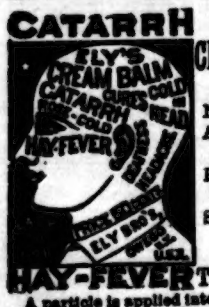
Real Estate Agents.

MURPHY & AMES,
Real Estate, Loans, and Insurance,
81 S. Clark-st., Room 6. Chicago.
M. R. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal.
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED
SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN'S, M.D., Dublin.
(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).
RHEUMATIC & GOUT REMEDY
The most wonderful medical discovery of the age. Where everything else fails it cures. Highest testimonials. Money refunded to purchaser if a cure is not effected. Send $1 and we will express bottle with full directions. Address BRYAN G. McSWEENY, Sole Agent for United States,
SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.,
240 Broadway, New York.
☞Or if you order through your druggist be sure and GET THIS INFALLIBLE REMEDY.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
AGENTS WANTED.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN
JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS
Hibernia Insurance Company,
OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.
TELEPHONE NO. 833

IRISH DILISK.
This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers.

JOSEPH WOLF,
DISTILLERS' AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
79 Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Particulars and sample case Free. We mean what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

JAMES H. WARD, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, ROOMS 508 & 509, 59 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES R. MURPHY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of James R. Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1890, being the 17th day thereof. KITTIE R. MURPHY, Administratrix.
Dated Chicago, December 28, 1889.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

DEVLIN'S
24 & 26 E. Randolph St.

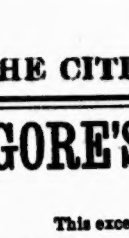
Granulated Sugar	6¾c
White Loaf Patent Flour, per bbl	$5.00
10-lb Caddy Good Tea	$2.00
4 lbs Java Coffee	$1.00

All Groceries at Wholesale Prices. A full line of Pure Wine and Liquors for Family and Medical Use.

JOHN DEVLIN & CO., 24 & 26 EAST RANDOLPH STREET.

$12,000 GIVEN TO SUBSCRIBERS IN CASH

THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.



Instead of spending $50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

We have taken an ordinary pint measure, filled it with ordinary white pea beans, poured the beans into an ordinary fruit jar such as is used for preserving fruit, sealed it securely, and deposited it with a Brooklyn Trust Company. It cannot be opened or counted until April 15th, 1890, and no person now knows how many beans the jar contains.

The following 4895 PRESENTS will be GIVEN to the 4895 persons making the BEST GUESSES of the NUMBER of BEANS the JAR CONTAINS:

1 Present to the person guessing the correct number,			$1,000
1 " " " nearest the correct number,			1,000
making the next best guess,			
5 Presents to the 5	persons making next best guess,	$100 each	500
10	10	50	500
25	25	10	250
50	50	5	250
100	100	2.50	250
200	200	2	400
500	500	1	500
4,000	4,000	-	-
4,895 Presents,		Amounting to	$12,000

To all of the rest who subscribe and send a guess, whether correct or not, we will give an elegant piece of silverware, valued at 50 Cents or more, so that EVERY subscriber gets a Present worth the subscription price.

SEND YOUR GUESS with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, THE POST AND TRIBUNE into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least three months, and send us thirty cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or fifty cents for six months' subscription, which will entitle the subscriber to two guesses, or $1.00 for one year and four guesses. The Jar will be opened and beans counted April 15th, 1890, by a committee chosen by the subscribers, should no one guess the correct number. Then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of $1,000, should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the $1,000 and the next the $1,000, and so on, until all of the 4895 Presents have been awarded. If you will work among your acquaintances and form a club, we will send six 3 months' subscriptions for $1.50, twelve for $3, twenty-five for $5. Each subscription to be accompanied with guess opposite name in plain figures. We send 6 six months' subscriptions for $1.50, 12 for $3, 25 for $5, 50 for $10, 100 three months for $10; 100 three months for $25; 100 six months for $25; 25 three months for $5.00; 50 three months for $10; 100 three months for $20; 100 six months for $20; 25 six months for $5.00; 50 six months for $10, twenty-five for $20, and each yearly subscription to the $2.50, six for $5, twelve for $10, twenty-five for $20, and each yearly subscriber is entitled to four guesses.

THE POST AND TRIBUNE

is one of the largest, handsomest and best publications issued from Brooklyn. It contains sixteen large pages, 64 long columns, completely filled with interesting and choice reading for every member of every American home. It is beautifully illustrated, besides devoting two entire pages to Fashion Plates of the latest designs, and one or two pages to Cooking and Household Instruction. The subscription price has been reduced to only $1.00 a year. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in N. Y. will tell you who we are. Money must be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter or P. O. Order. Address

THE POST AND TRIBUNE, No. 66 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT AND SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

The Chicago & Atlantic Railway,

In conjunction with the ERIE SYSTEM, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULED TRAINS TO THE SEABOARD. You may travel in Palatial, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save $1.50 to New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $2.85 to Albany and Troy, and $3.00 to Boston and New England cities.

NO RIVAL LINES OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND SECOND-CLASS PULLMAN VESTIBULE DAY COACHES AND DINING CARS, CHICAGO TO NEW YORK. IT IS THE ONLY LINE OPERATING PULLMAN CARS TO BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND VIA ALBANY.

For detailed information, tickets and reservation in Pullman cars, apply at the City Ticket Office, 107 S. CLARK ST., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Dearborn Station, or to the Agencies of connecting lines of railways.

G. M. BEACH, General Manager. CHICAGO. F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent.

TEAS.

Best Sample Tea 20c. Best Japan Dust 10c. Good Japan Teas 20c. Elegant Teas, all kinds, 25c. Best Japan in the World 50c. Best Gunpowder, Oolong and English Breakfast 60c per lb. Why Pay More?

SEXTON,
The Tea Man,
20 & 22 STATE STREET.

M. O'BRIEN,
House Mover.

Buildings Re-stilled and Underpinned, Substantial and Reasonable, by Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN,
3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, with its varied and excellent contents, is a library in itself.

It was indeed a happy thought to print an entire novel in each number.

Not a short novelette, but a long story such as you are used to get in book form and pay from one dollar to one dollar and a half for.

Not only that, but with each number you get an abundance of other contributions, which gives you a good magazine besides the novel.

The ringing blows which have been struck on the gateway of popular favor, have resounded throughout the entire land, and to-day Lippincott's Magazine stands in the front rank of monthly publications, and is the most widely-read-and-talked-of publication of its kind in the world. For full descriptive circulars, address

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia

$3.00 per year. 25 cts. single number.

The publisher of this paper will receive your subscription.

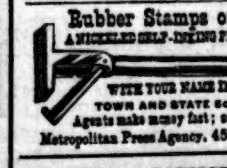
F. D. Kinsella & Co.

85 Jackson-st., Chicago,
Designers and Manufacturers of
Stained, Cut, and Embossed
Glass
For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

DO YOU WANT A BOOK? WRITE TO US.
Any book in the world furnished at publisher's price. Name books wanted. (Send stamp).
Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.
IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.
Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs. Send stamp for specimen sheets.
GOOD WORK. Metropolitan Press Agency,
LOW PRICES. 45 Warren Street,
QUICK TIME. New York.

Rubber Stamps of all kinds.
A NICKELED SELF-INKING PEN & PENCIL STAMP



WITH YOUR NAME IN RUBBER, TOWN AND STATE 50c. EXTRA. 25c.
Agents make money fast; send stamp for terms.
Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

WANTED A CATOLIC MAN of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay-st., New York.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE—[illegible] our goods by samples to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars, address, Centennial Mfg. Co. Chicago, Ill., or Centennial, O.

SOUTH BLUE ISLAND

NEW YEAR'S HOMES,

Only three miles from the city will be sold by me for only $1 in cash and $1 a week for 49 weeks. Act sensible once and buy the wife you ought to provide against want 25x125 feet of better land than can be seen from the Court House for $50 or $100. If you love your child as you profess prove it now by investing 100 cents wisely for it. Hon. H. S. Osborne, lawyer, of Montauk Block, will tell you free of charge whether I can give you perfect titles. Be practical once. Settle the question of a home. Buy some poor widow or orphan a lot of

WM. H. CONDON,
CHICAGO HOTEL,
156 S. CLARK STREET.

To EUROPE
IN A TRIFLE OVER
6-DAYS-6
BY THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD LINE
ESTABLISHED 1840.
Carrying the British and United States Mails
Two and Three Sailings a Week
FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.
Passage Tickets to and from all parts of EUROPE at Lowest Rates. Note Tonnage and Horse-Power of our Ships.

ETRURIA,	8,000 tons, 14,500 Horse-power.
UMBRIA,	8,000 tons, 14,500 Horse-power.
AURANIA,	7,800 tons, 10,500 Horse-power.
SERVIA,	7,392 tons, 10,500 Horse-power.
CEPHALONIA,	5,988 tons, 8,500 Horse-power.
PAVONIA,	5,500 tons, 8,000 Horse-power.
CATALONIA,	5,357 tons, 8,000 Horse-power.
GALLIA,	5,357 tons, 8,000 Horse-power.
BOTHNIA,	5,357 tons, 8,000 Horse-power.
SCYTHIA,	4,667 tons, 4,000 Horse-power.

And others. Being the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Fleet of the above are over 500 feet long, 65 feet wide, and have made the fastest passages on record. This Line Has Never Lost a Passenger and is the oldest in existence.

F. C. WHITING, Man'r West'n Dept. 232 Randolph Street. Under Sherman House.
P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty-second st.
M. J. GERAGHTY, 433 W. Twelfth street, (Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

KEELEY
Brewing Co.,
MALTSTERS
AND
LAGER BEER
Brewers,
28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.
CHICAGO.

MONON ROUTE
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY.
THE PULLMAN CAR LINE TO INDIANAPOLIS CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.

Are you going to New Orleans or Florida? If so send and get our descriptive matter of the GREAT WORLD'S FAIR and the Winter Resorts of Florida. Via this line you are permitted to stop off and visit the World Renowned MAMMOTH CAVE. City Ticket Office, 73 Clark-st., Chicago. R. O. McCORMICK, General Passenger Agent.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
TELEPHONE 3298.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY.
PURE BARLEY MALT
LAGER BEER.
2349 SOUTH PARK-AVE.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing Company.
MILWAUKEE,
REPRESENTED BY
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 24TH STREET,
Chicago, Ill.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.
PILSENER LAGER BEER

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge, Strengthen, Develop WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS or PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing. HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Full particulars (sealed) 4c. Illustrated Book, explanations and proofs sealed (useful) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.